

Price, 5 Cents.

Not only do these various specimens of humanity please the eye, but they clearly and conclusively prove the enormous scope of our Army's operations, and carry even more weight than do volumes of the most correct statistics.

# The King and the General.

## AUDIENCE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

"His Majesty the King this morning received the Rev. William Booth, Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army."—Entry in Court Circular.

Coming as it did on the very eve of the unique Congress which was about to be opened, King Edward's gracious act in according our beloved General a private audience on Wednesday has caused the intensest satisfaction throughout all ranks of the Salvation Army, and formed a theme for consideration and favorable comment far and near, in public and private circles.

### Unfailing Tact.

It is more than probable that this was intended by His Majesty; at any rate, it is what one might expect from a monarch who has exhibited such unfailing tact and followed so wisely in the steps of his illustrious mother.

It will be remembered that at a critical moment in our history Queen Victoria, with fine womanly feeling, sent the late Mrs. General Booth the following message of sympathy with the efforts of the Army:—

"Her Majesty learns with much satisfaction that you have, with other members of your Society, been successful in your efforts to win many thousands to the ways of temperance, virtue and religion."

And that on the occasion of a former Congress she graciously expressed herself, in a message to the General, to the following effect:—

"The Queen wishes to express to all the members of the Salvation Army now assembled for their Triennial Congress, her heartfelt thanks for their touching message of loyal congratulations and earnest good wishes.

"Her Majesty fully recognizes the great and varied works so courageously undertaken by the Army on behalf of so many of their unhappy fellow-creatures in different parts of her Empire.

"The Queen fervently trusts that Divine guidance and blessing may accompany all future efforts of the Army."

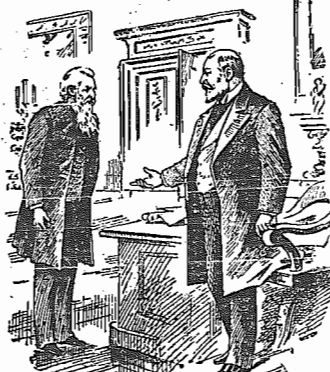
It is likewise well known that Queen Victoria always paid her respects to any wearer of our uniform whom she saw in the course of her travels.

### A Wise Observer.

King Edward in undoubtedly a wise observer of events, and keen to seize the right moment for exercising the influence of his royal house in furthering the cause of peace and good government. We owe the present amicable feeling between England and France largely to his personal influence. Indeed, the King's name may soon deserve the title of "The European Peacemaker."

All things considered, therefore, the advent of the General of the Salvation Army to the royal presence will cause little surprise to those who, on the one hand, have followed the dignified attitude of King Edward toward all social and philanthropic movements, or, on the other, to those who have studied the striking progress of our world-embracing organization.

It will be matter of universal and affectionate interest to Salvationists everywhere to



Audience of the King.

know a little of the details affecting so important a function as a royal reception. How did the General receive the summons, and what preparations did he make for meeting it?

That he was much gratified—and for no other reasons than the interests of the sacred cause he has at heart—will be understood. In all else he was just the General we love and revere! Engrossed with his work up to the last minute of leaving his home for the city, he drove with the Chief of the Staff to the Strand Hall.

### Arrival at the Palace.

The appointment for Buckingham Palace was fixed at half-past eleven a.m., and, leaving the Strand soon after eleven, the General, who traveled in an ordinary "hansom," arrived at twenty minutes past the hour. He was attended by Commissioner Pollard, by whom the privilege of accompanying the General on so important and historic an occasion was highly prized. The fact represented an appreciation of the Commissioner's devotion and tact in everything connected with the arrangements which highly delighted the hearts of his comrades.

The Salvation Leader and his aide were most kindly received at the palace by Lord Churchill, His Majesty's Lord-in-Waiting, who personally conducted the General to the Audience Chamber. As a further evidence of the King's courtesy and consideration in this matter, it should be mentioned that the ceremony incidental to such functions was, by His Majesty's directions, largely dispensed with, and the General appeared before him in the same uniform which he would wear on one of his salvation campaigns.

The King greeted the General warmly, shaking hands with him both on his entering and leaving, and in every way manifesting a spirit which appeared to be desirous of honoring our Leader for his work's sake as well as for his own. The audience was, of course, a private one, but the nature of the conversation is well summarised in the official statement issued for publication:—

"Lord Knollys, His Majesty's secretary,

had written from Windsor Castle on Monday last, intimating the King's pleasure, and accordingly the General, attended by Commissioner Pollard, of his Headquarters Staff, about eleven o'clock yesterday morning drove up to the palace in a hansom.

"The interview was of a most gracious and cordial nature, and General Booth was much impressed by the King's kindness, as well as very grateful for the opportunity of submitting to His Majesty some information with reference to the work of the Salvation Army.

### The King's Sympathy.

"The King listened with evident pleasure to what the General had to say, and showed special interest in everything relating to efforts on behalf of the poor.

"As General Booth was leaving the King's presence His Majesty expressed his sympathy with objects so near to the General's heart, and his cordial good wishes for the continued prosperity and success of the work of the Army."

### Beneficial Results.

We believe this gratifying episode in our General's career will render valuable service to every branch of the Army's operations. The poor will rejoice. Our own people will welcome it as a tribute to the work which God has enabled them to accomplish in the best interests of the Empire. They will look upon it as a worthy recognition of a blameless life and the stupendous service to humanity rendered by their revered and beloved General. The General is best known, and therefore best loved by his own. Further, they will view the King's command as a just commendation of the International Congress, which probably represents the most wonderful gathering of its kind ever held within the British or any other empire.

It will help to dispel the class prejudice which still lingers in the minds of governing and kindred authorities as to the Army. Prejudice dies hard; but this act of King Edward in opening the doors of Buckingham Palace to the head of our organisation will, we hope, help us to win the hearts of all.

Above all, it will help us to measure more carefully than ever the extent of our influence and to understand more clearly the call of God to us to adhere to first principles—Calvary and the Blood, the lost and their salvation. In short, it will urge us forward in our task of gathering from the refuse and scum of society, from the poor, the homeless, and the outcast, jewels with which to crown our Saviour King and Lord of all.

### VALUABLE REMEDIES.

If you are getting lazy, watch James. If your faith is below par, read Paul. If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job. If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah. If there is no song in your heart, listen to David. If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah. If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arms around you. If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation and get a glimpse of the promised land.—Boston Gazette.

Men seldom seek to dissect a religion until it is dead.



Salvation Representatives from Switzerland.

The German Salvationists in Procession.

Salvation Army Lassies from Denmark.



## Chapter VII.

The following morning Curley arose, and amid his strange surroundings he knelt by his bedside and offered up a fervent prayer to God—his God.

Naturally, the first thought was to obtain employment.

Well, sad to say, his efforts to secure a position were unsuccessful.

For two weeks he tramped all over London after work. Every description of place did he try for, from clerk to laborer, but without success.

But as each day came to a close, and he wearily tramped back to the Whitechapel Shelter, said and disappointed, the thought of the bright and glorious meeting he would soon engage in brightened him up, and scarce a fresher man was ever present.

Each night Curley spoke at the meeting and was eager to see others receive the same blessed comfort and happiness that he had received.

Now, mind you, for these two happy weeks—for happy they were, I have Curley's own word for that—Curley had not been in a financial position to meet his board and lodging expenses, and these had been very kindly met by the godly Ensign who was to such an extent responsible for the great change in Curley's habits and whole life.

At the end of the fortnight Ensign Robinson gave Curley a letter of introduction to the manager of the Bessbrook Advertising Agency, in Bloomsbury.

There Curley was given work to do that enabled him to pay his way with comparative ease.

But the work was hard.

One day he would go out early in the morning in company with two or three others, with a bag suspended from his shoulders containing some thousand circulars, and his duty was to deliver one copy in every house in certain given streets.

They were accompanied by an inspector, who allotted to each man his respective "ground" to "work."

Often they would walk two or three miles before commencing, and by the time each man's thousand circulars had been delivered many miles were covered; and then came the homeward journey. No easy work that, when one considers a moment—constantly walking from say 7 a.m. till 5 p.m. or so, with a heavy load for at least half the time.

But what a grand sense of ease and contentment had Curley when he reached home and was paid his modest thirty-six cents for his day's work. Having deposited his twelve cents for his bed he was perfectly free to go and purchase his food and cook it.

That was not as strange to Curley as one might be inclined to think, for in his travels and through his South African experience, he had often done his own cooking, and many a meal had he made out of a handful of "mealies" and a drop of dirty water.

So to purchase his piece of meat and his bread, onions, and other necessary delicacies, and to cook them in the capacious kitchen set apart for the accommodation of the several guests in the Bloomsbury Square House, was nothing new.

With sleeves rolled up he would procure his frying-pan and put his little steak on, and fry it in delicious onions, hovering over them with tender solicitude, and at the same time watching with anxious care his "hooky" of boiling water for his tea; and when the

feast was ready he would betake himself—having first washed out his frying-pan, etc., ready for a fellow-guest—to his accustomed corner and there eat his supper with gusto, and devour at the same time portions of the New Testament, which, by the way, was given him by his friend, the Ensign, having no copy of the Holy Bible with him, and (here let me whisper to you) often share his humble meal with a less fortunate lodger, and then together they would go upstairs to the room where the manager held a meeting almost every night.

Other days it would fall to Curley's lot to be a "sandwich-man."

How familiar to Londoners are the "sandwich-men"—so called because they carry suspended from their shoulders two boards, upon which is pasted some advertisement,



"Other days it would fall to Curley's lot to be a 'sandwich-man.'"

one falling in front and one behind them—and yet how unfamiliar!

How many of the hundreds upon hundreds who daily see these men, ever think to themselves that each one of them has a history?

Aye, and what a history one could write of any one of them, for they are not all lazy vagabonds.

Curley found that among his comrades on that dreary march, cooped up between these two boards, were ex-soldiers, gentlemen, and even graduates from different universities.

His immediate neighbor one day, as he took his humble lunch of cheese without bread, was a qualified M.D., of Dublin University, and they had many an interesting conversation together.

Indeed, it would reward any reporter to have interviews with many of the board-men who daily parade the streets of London, carrying their "sandwich" with them.

Such work as this, varied by a day or so addressing envelopes and circulars, occupied Curley for many weeks.

In the intervals between his occupations he applied for various situations, and one was for an attendant on a sick gentleman. Some few days after his application for that post he received a letter from a doctor asking him to call at a certain address in London.

Making himself as spruce as possible, Curley waited on the doctor, and the result of their interview was that Curley was to meet the doctor the following afternoon at London Bridge Station to go down to "his place," near Brighton.

With no idea of where he was bound for, Curley turned up next day, and with the doctor entered the train.

Station after station they flashed by, all made familiar to Curley by his frequent visits to B— during his happy days of courtship, and as those happy days were brought so vividly to his mind he bitterly regretted the fact of his having kept his fiancée so long in painful ignorance of his whereabouts, and he silently vowed that as soon as he was presentable again, and in a position to again approach her he would do so.

Picture his astonishment when the doctor alighted at B—, the very place where his loved one lived, and with a feeling of joy, and yet dismay, Curley followed the doctor to the waiting conveyance, his thoughts all in a whirl at this unexpected event.

He was bound to the very village where he had spent so many, many happy days in the past. What had the future in store?

## Chapter VIII.

For a few days Curley did not go out except in the grounds attached to the doctor's establishment (a private asylum), and curiosity run rife among the villagers as to who the new "keeper" was, and what he was like.

To Curley's credit be it said that the groom circulated the story that as he and the doctor came out of the station he (the groom) could not tell which was which, and further vouched the information that the "new man" was a "real gent."

After turning the matter over in his mind, and even praying about it, Curley decided to write to his sweetheart a long and detailed account of what had happened since they last met, and asking if, in the present circumstances, the same conditions of relationship could be continued.

Admitted 'twas with trembling anxiety that Curley posted that letter.

Not once had he met Miss P— while he had been at the doctor's, and he almost dreaded their meeting till he had a reply to his epistle.

Two days passed in anxious suspense, and then the doctor announced to Curley that some one desired to speak with him in the drawing room, and allowed him free access to that room.

Wondering who it could be who wished to speak in privacy with him, he entered. With an exclamation of joy he sprang forward on seeing the familiar figure of Miss P—, and as she was prompted to make the same movement, he knew without asking that all was well.

Countless explanations followed, and the shades of evening falling slowly found them sitting hand in hand in complete silence, as is customary with characters in "the old, old story" of love.

Curley's happiness was complete now. Not only had he the blessed peace and comfort from the knowledge of past sins forgiven, but he had also the assurance of one he held dearest that he still reigned supreme in her heart, and he was fired with renewed ambition to forge ahead and recover, to some extent, his old position.

(To be continued.)

# A Week at the Congress.

INTERNATIONAL DEMONSTRATION—SEARCHING ADDRESSES TO 30,000 PEOPLE, BY THE GENERAL—A UNIQUE MEMORIAL SERVICE—A GRAND SALVATION WEEK-END—CROWDS OF SEEKING SOULS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

The International Congress marks not only a new chapter of Salvation Army history, but most assuredly an unparalleled epoch in the history of Christianity.



A New Zealander.

It is stupendous. We are too close to the event to fully realize its meaning; and yet we wonder as we look and listen.

It is marvellous! Marvellous from point of numbers. Marvellous from point of variety. Marvellous in the fact that the delegates present are representative of an organisation started by one man, whom God has deigned to honor so exceedingly that He has permitted him to

see, in his old age, the fruits of faith and sacrifice in the birth of a nation of redeemed men and women of all kindreds and tongues. Marvellous in the great spirit of love that erases prejudices and overthrows national and racial barriers, making friends and brothers of all men. Marvellous, also, in the promise of future possibilities.

We look and wonder while our hearts well over with humility and gratitude at the mercy of God and the devotion of the Moses of the Salvation Army, who has led us out of bondage into liberty, and made of us a people. Hallelujah!

The meetings were divine!

There is no other word that would rightly express my own estimate of these gatherings. They were a sample of Heaven, and have been the portals of life to many souls.

The Albert Hall reception, to my mind, was alone worth while coming across the ocean to witness. The Strand Hall cannot be described in a few words, for each meeting differed so essentially. But it was heavenly!

All through the week the General was magnificent, and yet so simple and clear in all his addresses that all could follow easily.

The Chief has captured the hearts of the Canadians, and he simply must come and see us! We guarantee him a right royal reception.

The people of London are astonished at the Salvation Army. Everybody is gracious to us, from the King to the newsboy. The police are courtesy itself, anxious to render assistance and give information. Indeed, I have not heard one word to annoy us from anyone.



A Dusk Delegate from East India.

The crowds struck me as enormous. To fill the Strand Hall two or three times each day, as well as, a few doors down, Exeter Hall, which was packed each evening, and crowds turned away, is certainly remarkable, to say the least.

Every meeting seemed to be a climax, and there are no more superlatives left for me to employ.

—B.F.

Monday, 2.30 p.m.

## War Memories in the International Hall.

For an hour and more before Monday afternoon's Foreign War Demonstration began in the International Hall, the fast-increasing flow of traffic in the Strand and on the Embankment was streaked with the colors of the Blood and Fire. Brilliant sunshine added to the glow of the many national hues worn by the smiling Salvation throng. Such a scene was a marvel even to London, where the greatest pageants the world has to show are witnessed. And London stopped to look.

When the General, more radiant than ever, appeared at 2.30, the building was thronged, and the singing, in many languages, of "God is keeping His soldiers fighting," was as "the voice of many waters."

"War is our theme," said the General, in his stirring missionary address. "Ours is a real war. Let him who thinks we are playing at soldiers come and try his hand on the plains of Gujerat, in the slums of London, or among the outcasts of New York or Melbourne. We are attacking the giant evils that prey on the vitals of humanity—unbelief, heathenism, drink, lust and ignorance. We are fighting for the glory of God, for the purification of our own natures, and for the salvation of the bodies and souls of men. These are objects worth fighting for, although they call for great hardships." That is all too brief a summary.

Representative officers then spoke of the progress of the Salvation Army in the countries through which they came. Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg spoke for Switzerland, working in with fine effect the story of a brave Alpine guide's self-sacrifice.

The Bermudan Juniors, the Newfoundland Brigade, and the sweet singing Hollandia Songsters also took part in this great meeting, which Commissioner Coombs closed by starting the very appropriate song, "Salvation is the best thing in the wide, wide world."

♦ ♦ ♦

Monday, 6.30 p.m.

This night was the first of a series of wonderful united foreign demonstrations, but as we deal at greater length with meetings of a similar character, and as our space is limited, we make but the briefest allusion to a few of its principal features.

Long before the advertised hour of commencement the spacious hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the intensest eagerness seemed to mark the faces of the vast concourse, who were brought into the closest possible touch with the representatives of the nationalities, who in their picturesque costumes and with divers instruments gave the platform all the appearance of a brilliant mosaic of color.

Getting quickly to business, the General disposed of a false idea. "I don't like," he said, "the word 'foreign demonstration.'"

"No land is, or should be, foreign to a Salvationist. There has been a great deal of talk lately about the brotherhood of man, but I am afraid not much has come out of it. A Salvationist should say, with the Apostle, 'I know no man after the flesh. In Christ there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free.' We feel with other Christian organisations our obligations to the heathen world."

The General then, with interest and rapidity, sketched the missionary operations of the Army, giving prominence to the fact that the organisation had passed through its various training agencies in India 1,886 native officers and teachers, to say nothing of the 150 safely landed in the skies, and others who, though no longer occupying positions of responsibility in the field, are doing invaluable ser-

vice as local officers and soldiers.

Pursuing his rapid review, the General took his audience across the continent of Africa, the far-stretching prairies of Canada and America, up to the everlasting snows among Lapps and denizens of Labrador, finishing with a stirring appeal for the consecration of men and money.

The final scenes were strikingly picturesque, the meeting closing with a burst of holy enthusiasm.



One of the Yankee Choir.

Tuesday and Wednesday.

## TWO DAYS WITH GOD.

The most prominent item in the list of meetings held last week in connection with our International Congress was the "Two Days with God."

Religion has made the Salvation Army. We are nothing, worse than nothing, without it. And by religion we mean the realisation of God in our hearts—ruling, directing and inspiring us in the doing of His will. Hence, whereas the missionary, musical, and Social branches of our operations figured largely in the Congress programme, two whole days were devoted to the claims of God and the needs of the soul.

The interest in these gatherings was universal.

The expectations, especially of those who had heard of or read about them, were high.

As Mrs. Colonel French, of San Francisco, said in her prayer, "This place (meaning the Two Days) is a veritable Jerusalem." They were the inner court of the great Congress sanctuary.

The attendance at the Two Days would supply, therefore, an index of the spiritual appetite, and their character would illustrate the spiritual power, of the Army throughout the world. The event was second to none in importance.

The General realized this. He had, accordingly, carefully prepared for it—his addresses, the song book, the solos, and the testimonies were all moulded and determined with this fact in his mind.

Nothing was allowed to interfere with, or deteriorate from the high character to which it was believed they would rise.

And God was glorified in the result. Much believing prayer preceded the first gathering, for the Chief of the Staff and those who were associated with him in the immediate direction of the Congress, realized the vast possibilities of these meetings to the Army. And yet



A Canadian Representative.

they had reasonable grounds for doubting the effect of two things in making these special gatherings successful:

First, the immense size of the building. This is far more serious than would at first be imagined.

The speaking at Two Days has necessarily to be comparatively long, and not always of the character that is calculated to sustain the interest of the religious flossam and jetsam, who have it largely in their power to make or mar the character of meetings of this nature.

Would the General's voice be heard all the time, and with sufficient clearness to control this element?

Moreover, the size of the building might prove a big obstacle to the fishing, on the close personal power of which so much depends.

Then, secondly, there was a question of taste. The meetings preceding the Two Days were, as a matter of fact, overwhelming in sheer interest. Never, in the history of a religious organization, have the doings of salvation meetings been talked about and reported as have those of this Congress.

The press was lavish in its description of the meetings, mainly, however, on the picturesque side.

When, therefore, the general public found that instead of the enthralling songs and ditties and talks of native and other contingents, the General would unsheath the sword of the Spirit and plunge it into the bosom of the careless, half-hearted disciples of Christ, as well as the out-and-out sinner, how would they respond?

What effect would this have upon the attendance and character of the Congress?

These were questions that a wise, discerning leader had to face.

But, to the glory of God, and the everlasting honor of the Divine Spirit, the gracious and hallowed influence that descended upon the first meeting on Tuesday morning increased and increased in power until, on Wednesday night, the place became glorious with a sense of the Divine Presence, and not the vestige of a barrier to the free course of the Word seemed to remain.

Not only did the crowds come, but in overflowing numbers. Thirty thousand people is a reasonable estimate of the two days' attendances.

They comprehended all grades of Salvation Soldiers, in addition to the delegations; also many clergymen of the Church of England and Nonconformists.

At one sitting we would see the venerable Sir George Williams, founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, lingering affectionately in the Strand passage, listening to the seraphic singing. At another the genial countenance of the Rev. John McNeil was not far removed from a group of half a dozen curates, who viewed the procession to the penitential-form of seekers for holiness with deep interest. The outside element was largely in evidence.

Our old friend, Prebendary Webb-Peploe, viewed the proceedings with evident pleasure, as also did the Rev. F. B. Meyer, who has shown his kindly interest in the Congress by entertaining four of the delegates. Others, bearing names well known in the Christian world for their sturdy preaching of the Gospel, testified by their presence to their practical interest in this particular order of meeting.

And what shall we say of the meetings themselves? The studied care and eagerness of the mighty crowd to catch every sentence that fell from the General's lips?

The sure evidences of individual dissatisfaction with present spiritual attainments?

The readiness to listen to the most ordinary Salvationist in the prayer meeting?

The singing—that sounded like a trumpet of the skies with the combined voices of 5,000 heavenly intelligences? The singing—that, as a lady journalist of the first rank declared—"almost hypnotized me into a Salvation soldier on the spot"? The singing that, conveyed as nothing else did, the consciousness and experience of the Army of the great realities and truth which the General en-

forced? Singing that transformed place and people into the heavenly?

And of those striking addresses of our leaders, piercing in their application, accurately drawn, logical and Scriptural?—addresses which sparkled with gems of thought, personal experience, and sword-thrusts to the half-hearted and worldly?

They indented each meeting with an impression which was reflected in the long rows of penitents, and when put together with the testimonies and general direction of the six gatherings, will not only not be forgotten, but carried in spirit round the world to be reproduced according to the ability and experience of those who will imitate them.

The Two Days' Strand meetings will have far-reaching and permanent effects.

♦ ♦ ♦

Thursday, 2.30 p.m.

The hall was packed in every part, and the platform was a veritable rainbow of color when the General commenced the afternoon meeting at half-past two. The service took the form of a United Missionary Demonstration, and the large assembly of foreign representatives on the platform, all in their distinctive costumes, made a splendid spectacle.

First it was Europe's turn, and German and French officers led the thousands in prayer. "Now Sweden will sing," cried the General, and the flaxen-haired Swedish men and women stood up and sang sweetly, without accompaniment, one of the Army's hymns in their native tongue.

Ensign Gillam, from the North-West, followed with a rousing song. The chorus was enthusiastically taken up by the audience, who lustily pledged their loyalty to "The Flag with the Star in the Centre: the Yellow, the Red, and the Blue."

Brigadier Maidment, from South America, came forward to translate the burning testimony of Taborda, a picturesque and pure-blooded native of the Argentine Republic. This Spanish-speaking "gaúcho" began his testimony by gladly shouting, "Glory be to God because I'm saved."

Captain Washimi and Captain Sodani, two women-officers from Japan, were cheered enthusiastically when they came forward to sing and speak. Before they did so, Colonel Bullard explained that to-day there were not ten women who were public speakers in the whole of the Japanese Empire.

In distinct English, Captain Washimi said: "I come from a country where the customs are very different from those in this land; but my God is the same as yours. (Applause.) I must thank you, and particularly the General, for sending the Salvation Army to Japan."

Commissioner Kilbey, from South Africa, reported that never before in the history of that great country had public sympathy with the Salvation Army been so general as at present. Soul-saving work is in a flourishing state.

Capt. D. Kuaana Lyman, from the Sandwich Islands, gave a splendid testimony. Speaking on behalf of his comrades in Hawaii, the Captain hoped the General would prove their remarkable hospitality by visiting them. The Hawaiian Salvationists, he said, were equal to any for loyalty. On hearing this, the General gripped Kuaana's hand, but whether it was a greeting or a promise which our leader gave him we couldn't hear for applause.

Colonel Nurani, the Provincial Officer of Gujarat, India, gave some interesting particulars of the Salvation Army's work in that great empire.

Lieut. Christo Das, a converted Buddhist priest from India, declared in a joyous voice, "God is my strength, Christ is my power, the Holy Spirit is my comforter, and the Salvation Army is my home."

Major Vishram Das, a converted high-caste Hindoo, was the last speaker in this remarkable meeting, and for a time it looked as though he would go on for ever, so full was he of joy and gratitude to God.

The meeting was a wonderful illustration of the unity of all hearts in the bonds of sal-

vation, and one of the most powerful and interesting of the series.

♦ ♦ ♦

Thursday, 6.30 p.m.

Musical Festival.

The Musical Festival was timed to start at half-past six; at six p.m. there was scarcely a seat to be had, and hundreds in queue form stood between Aldwych Avenue and right round to the Strand ticket office—a distance of one hundred yards—waiting to pass in. We have seen nothing like it in our times.

The scene inside the colossal building was imposing. The various parts were distributed on and off the platform. The massed bands occupied the centre of the slope at the north end. The Bermudan band and juniors were placed among the Canadian Contingent on the slope of the opposite wing.

The platform was a study in color. On the south division of it were ranged in rows of deep blue, with a thin line of red (a trifle sombre-looking), the I.H.Q. Staff, Trade and Congress Songsters—three hundred in all. In appearance the other half was like Joseph's coat, the flashing golden and silver hues of the instruments with the red, white, blue, green, orange and other colors of the German, Norwegian, Swedish and other singers giving it a brilliant setting.

Infinite Possibilities.

As a whole, the program was a revelation of the extraordinary ability of both songsters and brass musicians, the consecration and adaptation of this ability to the highest objects of the Army, and the possibilities which the program foreshadowed of music, in our hands, becoming more than ever what the General summed up as "a herald of salvation and a handmaiden of holiness."

The first soul-lifting piece in the program was by the Congress Songsters.

Then came the massed bands with "Tis years since I found peace," which for strength left nothing to be desired.

A lightning change brought the Swiss Alpine Salvationists in front of the rail, where they treated us to perhaps the most original adaptation of the word "Hallelujah" ever heard on an Army platform.

It was thrilling, and to show his delight the General rose, donned the Alpine cap of one of the party, and waved the mountaineer's alpenstock.

The French National Brass Band appropriately followed with the "Marseillaise" tune, and imparted the first practical novelty of the evening, by the waving of the Blood-and-Fire and national Tricolor while the band played.

The Danes gave us a specimen of their sharp, sweet and ringing vocal powers in a song with the refrain, "Jesus will never fail." Every member of the brigade played a guitar.

The American National Brass Band, perched a little too near the north corner, gave "Would you know why I love the Saviour?" and with the first couple of bars captured and captivated the audience.

After the "Hallelujah Chorus," with new words, by the Congress Songsters, perfectly rendered, the Canadian Staff Band gave "We're marching on together," to the tune of the "Maple Leaf," with a chorus which was sung by both the band and the Canadian Contingent, and much appreciated by all. The appearance of the band suggests a high order of discipline.

The International Staff and Trade Songsters next sang "The Song of the Ages," which the audience showed their deep appreciation of by following every line with the closest attention and evident feeling.

The growingly-popular Bermudan children, with their maple leaves and white dresses, took us by storm by their singing.

The colored Bermudan brass band received an ovation, and both their playing and singing were marked by an earnestness and enthusiasm which the appreciative audience did not let pass without endorsing in prolonged applause.

(Continued on page 8.)





## HOLINESS.

By Major J. N. Parker.

### VII.—The Human Heart Without it.

1. It is bad. If you are not sanctified there are things there that you would not like anyone to know, and you try to keep them from knowing by appearing as nice as possible in their presence; but anger, pride, selfishness, envy, jealousy, impure thoughts, and many other things are there. Indeed, your heart is so bad that you would be frightened at the thought of even your own mother knowing of them, lest she might desert you.

2. The Bible is a sealed book to you. It all seems so dark. The experiences of the holy are not understood and seem so far off. You think, "Oh, if I could only have the beautiful experience that the disciples had." I am glad to tell you that you can have the same blessed experience if you will sacrifice and obey as they did.

3. Because of inbred sin, you sometimes wonder if you ever were saved at all. Sometimes you are up and down until you feel like saying, "Is there no better life than this? Is this all there is in salvation?" Thank God I am able to tell you there is a better way, and you can walk in it if you will but comply with the conditions.

4. There is no use trying to get away from the facts. If you are a worker especially, you are likely to be jealous of others' success in getting souls in a way that you seem not to be able to do. This jealousy, if it does not show in another way, may in your talking about them and belittling their work. Especially is this so of those who are your equals.

5. There is a tendency to lower the standard of salvation to suit your own experience. What we should seek to do is to find out the real, or God's, standard, and then stand by it no difference whether it suits us or not. Never lower God's standard, but be glad that it is lower. That it is is an evidence that it is possible for you to come up to it, and a promise of God that you shall if you comply with the necessary conditions.

6. There is very likely a dislike for the Bible and holiness people. There is so much in the Bible and their lives that condemn you that you are not comfortable in these associations. If you are not, how can you expect to be in the presence of God, the angels, and the blood-washed in heaven? There is just one way to get to where you can enjoy these, and that is by getting holiness.

7. You may be very ambitious and possibly have your air-castle set up in your visionary sky. It will have to come down and be given to God. Or possibly you may have no ambition and be really lazy. This experience, thank God, will take all feelings of that kind out of you.

8. You may be proud. You may hate yourself for doing so, yet you are so proud that you follow the fashions, and are so worldly in appearance that no one can really tell the difference. You may be proud of what you accomplish, your ability, your looks, your family. There is no glory due you for anything, for God has created all else but Himself.

9. There is great and especial difficulty in reaching God in prayer. He seems so far off, and your hold on Him is so slight that you often wonder if you will be able to continue, or whether you will not become a backslider and end in hell at last.

10. There is a half-and-half about your life that is almost unendurable. You want to be good and you don't want to do so. You try to be good, but it is hard to do so. At one time you are doing well, and then something happens and you are discouraged and think it is all over with you. Why lead such a

life when the beautiful Canaan of holiness lies before with all its blessedness, joy, rest, and victory.

11. There is unbelief. It is so hard to have faith because you have not yet learned to trust God for all that Christ has died to give you. You trust and tremble, and probably tremble more than trust. Get inbred sin out of the heart and then you will be surprised that you did not trust Him more.

I have sought to show you yourself, dear reader, and help you to see that there is a better way to live. Will you not seek this way? If you begin to seek it and will really stick to it, God will give it to you and you may know the blessing of Him who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

## Holiness Gems.

From an Address by Commissioner Howard.

Every Salvationist should not only see the value and importance of the possession of a holy character, but should be the highest expression of it.

To produce a holy character in others is among the most important branches of a Salvationist's work, whatever his position may be.

Conduct follows character, like the shadow follows the substance. Hence, a holy life will grow out of a sanctified heart and character.

This is the bull's-eye of the Salvation Army's target—to make holy men and women.

We publish to all the world the possibility of men being changed from sinners into saints, not only in name or profession, but in fact, and the Salvationist should be a manifestation of this great truth—this holiness of heart and life—and ever be seeking to lead others into it.

With many holiness is an exquisite vision—a beautiful picture—something to be dreamed about. With some it is a pleasant memory; to them, perhaps, it was a realization at one time, but now it is nothing but a memory.

Even if a holy character was an ideal which could not be realized, the very nearest realization that is given to the world should be found in the experience and life of a Salvation Army soldier.

How shall I develop a holy character, or, in other words, how shall I promote my own holiness? I am not speaking simply of getting the blessing of a clean heart, but of the development of a holy character. The getting of a clean heart is only the beginning, but the character has to be grown, cultivated, developed. How, therefore, shall I cultivate, promote, and develop this holiness of heart and character?

We talk so much about the gift of God and His grace, that we are apt, sometimes, to be carried a little too far, and to forget that the cultivation of character depends, to a large extent, on ourselves. God is always ready to co-operate with us and crown our efforts with success, but there must be a stirring up of ourselves to take hold of God—a denying ourselves of anything that would hinder. There must be labor and determination. We cannot reach hill-tops without climbing.

If you want to promote your own holiness

you will have to keep out of all avoidable temptation, otherwise you will be likely to go down. Refrain from dabbling in, or playing with these things which hinder your soul, or are likely to impede your progress in holiness.

If you desire to develop a holy character you must cultivate habits of pure thinking. Good, pure, holy thoughts are ladders by which the soul may climb up to the throne of God. Resist everything that would suggest imaginations of impurity. Cultivate habits of thinking purely.

In order to aid the cultivation of a holy character you must choose right companionships, select those people who will be likely to help you in your pursuit of holiness, or those whose conversation runs in the right direction, who are willing to talk about those things which are helpful to godliness and spirituality. Through the companionship of good books you can come into converse with the holiest, best, truest, grandest men the world has ever known.

Not only does our own observation and experience confirm the Scriptural statement, that, by nature, "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," but it is equally true that the heart will never come right of itself, neither can any man put his own heart right. Salvation Army meetings cannot do it.

Here comes in—where we utterly fail—the blessedness of that wonderful plan of God's salvation, by which He is willing, if a man or woman will submit to Him, to rectify the heart, which by nature is wrong—to purify the stream which comes from a polluted fountain. Just as in the original creation God brought light out of darkness and the various living forms out of that which lay dead and inert—just as He produced order out of chaos, and harmony out of confusion, so, by His own creative skill—His own wonderful power—He can produce similar results in your heart, in your nature and experience.

## INSTRUCTION DRILL.

What a Soldier Should Know About His Duties and Privileges, and the Teachings of the Salvation Army.

### Avoid Debt.

Debt is a great evil. It destroys a man's peace, makes him feel like a slave, has a bad effect upon his example, and an unfavorable influence upon those who are without.

When a Salvation Soldier who is seriously in debt walks about in uniform and does anything for the salvation of souls, he feels that his creditors may be saying, "If he would pay me what he owes me, then I should have some respect for his religion."

If debt is such an evil, then it must be a Salvation Soldier's duty to keep free from it. On no account should he contract debt except he can see in the most confident manner his ability to meet it when the claim falls due.

To do otherwise with a man's goods is almost as bad as stealing them. To steal them is to fetch them away with the full intention of not paying for them, while getting them on credit, when he knows he won't be able to pay for them, amounts to very much the same thing.

Those soldiers who are involved in debt when converted must make up their minds to pay up at the earliest opportunity. They should tell their creditors so, and whether these debts were incurred for drink or anything else, they should live in an economical manner in order to save money and pay them off.

# Young People's Page

## The World's Great Men.

"ONE OF THE GREATEST AMERICANS OF THE CENTURY."

ISAAC NEWTON, 1642-1727.

As a literary philosopher, Bacon surpasses Newton; as an experimental philosopher, Newton surpasses Bacon. Newton's works contain nothing in point of style and illustration comparable to Bacon's essays; Bacon's works contain nothing in point of scientific discovery and mathematical calculation comparable to Newton's "Optics" and "Principia."

Newton has been the great glory of the Royal Society, and the Royal Society is justly proud of its illustrious ornament. He joined it in January, 1674, when he was excused the ordinary payment of a shilling a week "on account of his low circumstances as he represented." In 1703 he was elected to the presidential chair, which he continued to occupy until his death, in 1727.

Characteristic mementoes are preserved of him among the Royal Society treasures. There is a solar dial made by the boy Isaac, when, instead of studying his grammar and learning Virgil and Horace, he was busy making wind-mills and water-clocks.

We fancy we see him going along the road to Grantham on a market day, with the old servant whom his mother had hired to take the greatest care of him, and when stopping upon the wayside to watch the motions of a water-mill, reflecting upon the mechanical principles involved in the simple contrivance. It is pleasant, with our knowledge of what he afterwards became, to sit down by the river-side, and to speculate upon the ignorance of the old servant who accompanied him, and of the farmers they saluted upon the way, as to the illustrious destiny which awaited the widow's son who lived at the manor house of Woolsthorpe.

The reflecting telescope, preserved along with the dial, was made by Newton in his thirtieth year, and reminds us of the deep mathematical studies he was then pursuing at Cambridge. The autograph M.S. of the "Principia," also in the possession of the Royal Society, gives increased vividness to the picture of this extraordinary person in his study, solving mysterious problems, and suggesting others still more mysterious. And then the locks of silvery hair add the last touch to fancy's picture—like the stroke of a pencil which, when a portrait is almost complete, gives life and expression to the whole.

Newton was portly but not tall, his silvery locks were abundant without any baldness, and his eyes were sparkling and piercing, though perhaps they failed to indicate the profound genius which looked through them into the secrets of the universe. Wonderful humility blended with his intellectual greatness, but being struck he seemed a spirit of higher rank, having almost superhuman faculties of mental vision went to soar into regions which the vulgar's eyes had never seen; to himself he was but a boy playing with the shells on the seashore, while the ocean lay undiscovered before him.

Others were taken with what Newton accomplished, while Newton was taken with what remained to be done.

So it is ever with the highest genius; the broader the range of view, the wider the horizon of mystery. He who understands more than others is conscious beyond others of what remains yet to be understood.

There was Isaac Newton, in Lincolnshire, on December 25th, 1642, one year after the death of Galileo, and just as England was being plunged into the horrors of "civil war." Strange to say, and he was immature, but being struck by a school-fellow, he strangely retaliated by determining to get above him in the class, which he accomplished, and ere long became the head of the school. His playmate was employed in mechanical work on the Grantham road was an object of intense interest and a source of immense pleasure. Newton had a water-clock in his own room, at the top of his bed-room, and a mechanical carriage in the parlor, in which he could see the sun's motion. The paper kites and other lanterns were his favorite toys. In the yard of the house he traced on the wall the movements of the sun by means of a fixed gnomon, and was a standard of time to the country people in the neighborhood.

(To be continued.)

It is related in ancient story that a young man went to Socrates to learn oratory. On being introduced, he talked so incessantly that Socrates asked for double fees.

"Why charge me double?" asked the young fellow. "Because," said the philosopher, "I must teach you two sciences—the one how to hold your tongue, the other how to speak." The first is the more difficult.

This is the proud title given by one of our most eminent statesmen to him who began life as a slave-boy—Frederick Douglass.

"I once knew a little colored boy whose parents died when he was six years old," said Mr. Douglass, in addressing a colored school not long before he died. "He was a slave, and had no one to care for him. He slept on a dirt floor in a hovel, and in cold weather he would crawl into a meal-bag head foremost, and leave his feet in the ashes to keep them warm. Often he would roast an ear of corn and eat it to satisfy his hunger, and many times he was crawled under the barn or stable and secured eggs which he would roast in the fire and eat."

Schools were unknown to him; and he learned to spell from an old Webster's spelling-book; and to read and write from patent medicine almanacs on the plantation, or posters on cellar and barn doors, while boys and men would help him. He would then preach and speak; and soon he became well known. He became a presidential elector, United States marshal, United States recorder, United States diplomat, and accumulated some wealth. He wore



Boothback's Sorrows. (D'Orsay Photo.)

broadcloth, and did not have to divide crumbs with the underlings and the table. That boy was Frederick Douglass. What was possible for me, is possible for you. Do not think you cannot accomplish anything."

His mother was the only slave on the plantation who could read. He saw his mother but two or three times, and then in the night, when she would walk twelve miles to be with him an hour, returning in time to go into the field at dawn. The last time he saw her, the hungry boy was roasting a few kernels of corn when she entered. He felt proud as a little king, seated on her knee, as she gave him a ginger-bread. He slept in her arms, but when he awoke she was gone.

"I remember," he said, "the first time I ever heard the Bible read, and from that time I trace my first desire to learn to read. I was only seven years old. He bought the 'Columbian Orator' for fifty cents, which he earned by blacking boots, and in that he read a dialogue between a master and slave; and there he read lessons in oratory. Chatlain, Pitt and Fox—in a first lesson on a religious life. Then there came to him the dawn of a religious life, with new hopes and aspirations; and he taught a

Sabbath-School class, till his master, in fury, broke it up. After a year he was sent to Covey, an overseer, to "break him in." This cruel master initiated him by a terrible beating. Before the year was half over, he had a conflict of two hours with Covey, in which he routed the overseer. From that time he felt he had broken the shackles; for "when a slave cannot be flogged, he is more than half free."

Once he tried to escape; the second time he succeeded. Under sailor's uniforms, he reached New Bedford. He was then twenty-one years old; and he had graduated from the terrible school of slavery, "with his diploma on his back."

"I sawed wood," he says, "shovelled coal, dug cellars, moved rubbish from back yards, worked on the wharves, loaded and unloaded vessels, and scoured their cabins; afterwards I worked in oil-works and in a brass foundry. Hard work, night and day, over a furnace hot enough to keep the metal running like water, was more favorable to action than to thought; yet there I often mailed a newspaper to the post office, and read while I was giving the up-and-down motion to the heavy beam by which the bellows was inflated and discharged. It was the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties."

At Nantucket, in 1841, he was called upon to speak at a public meeting.

"It was with the very greatest difficulty," he says, "that I could stand erect, or that I could command and articulate two words without hesitation and stammering. I trembled in every limb. I am not sure that my embarrassment was not the most effective part of my speech."

He told his story of a slave, and he was at once engaged to speak for the Anti-Slavery Society. From the time of that Nantucket speech dated his public life.

Mr. Douglass had a commanding figure, a commanding presence, a commanding voice. When he rose to his feet, and the audience saw that dignified and majestic, but kindly, face, that venerable and sacred-like aspect, and when they heard that voice, attention was arrested, and every eye was hushed to silence and expectation. His voice was of unequalled depth and volume and power.

## The Amateur Photographer.

Bromide Process.—(Continued.)

With bromide paper no toning is required. The dish used for the development of these prints should be devoted exclusively to that purpose.

Four things are necessary in order to avoid yellow-looking prints: (1) The developer must be acid; (2) The clearing solution must be used precisely as directed; (3) The hyposulphite of soda must be freshly weighed for the fixation of each batch of prints; (4) The prints must be subjected to a most thorough washing after being fixed.

Those who prefer prints with a high gloss should squeeze them, wet, face downwards, on a polished piece of ebonite; when dry the prints will peel off with a fine enamelled surface.

Be extremely cautious not to have the slightest trace of either pyrogallic acid or hyposulphite of soda about during the manipulation of bromide prints, or the results will be most disastrous.

Bromide prints must be mounted dry, and the drying must be necessary in my mind, on the paper, as in the case of silver prints. To mount, brush the back with thin starch paste, lay the print on the mount, and rub into contact with a soft cloth.

Platinotype, permanent black and white processes, that known as "Platinotype" is the most beautiful. The printing has to be done by sunlight, but is a much quicker process than printing on silver paper. No fixing is necessary, and the final washing is complete in half an hour. This is a great saving of both trouble and time. The prints, too, when finished are absolutely permanent, while the necessary manipulations are the essence of simplicity. The prints are exposed in exactly the same manner as silver prints, but only take a third of the time. Afterwards they are developed in a solution of oxalic acid. They are then immersed for a little while in weak acid bath, and after being finally washed are ready for mounting.

Platinotype paper has peculiarities of its own. It is not very sensitive to light, but also to damp, by which is meant even the variable vapor always present in the atmosphere, even on the driest day. In order, therefore, to guard against this, the paper must be kept in a box, where the top of each of which is a perforated box containing a muslin bag, a small quantity of chloride of calcium, a salt which quickly absorbs every particle of moisture with which it comes into contact. The prints of the tubes are covered with indiarubber linings, so that every precaution is taken to keep out the insidious foe. When the chloride of calcium has done its work, it is removed, the paper is placed in the oven, or over the fire upon a shovel, and then replaced. Even during the short period that the paper is exposed while printing, it is essential to place a piece of tin, or a sheet of indiarubber, between the paper and the pad, so extremely sensitive to damp are the salts of iron and platinum with which the paper is coated. After exposure the prints must be again placed in a box, where they must remain until the actual time of development. Neglect of any of these necessary precautions will result in the prints lacking "pluck," and exhibiting dulness of tone, with dirty impure whites.

A stolen sermon is bound to please the devil.

One Father of all must mean one family for all.

A man is never too poor to send a prayer despatch.

(Continued from page 5.)

The Norwegian Songsters, led by Major Ostby, gave the revelation of the night, as far as ability is concerned. The music was composed by the leader. He had only eight days in which to prepare for the Congress. The result was, therefore, marvellous.

Another selection by the massed bands, and a fragile Swedish young woman, Ensign Ring, stepped forward and sang in her mother tongue:

"My Jesus, I love Thee; I know Thou art mine."

When we reached the verse, "In mansions of glory," it seemed to the General a fitting moment to bring the feast to a close. It certainly was a fitting sentiment, for if ever a hall was turned into a mansion of glory it was on this occasion.

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Friday, 2.30 p.m.

#### Memorial Service.

It was meet and right that the Army should commence such a meeting with an introductory psalm of triumph:—

"There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain."

And yet there were few dry eyes in that congregation five minutes after the commencement of the proceedings. Our sainted Army mother and some of those precious comrades so feelingly and lovingly mentioned by the Chief during the progress of the service have long since reached the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood." To most of us, however, it seemed as if we were once more at the open graves of these dear departed ones.

The presence upon the platform of Commander Booth-Tucker and some of his darling family touched us deeply. The Consul lives in our hearts and memories.

And when the General, with tender voice, spoke to us of our precious Army mother, it was easy to recall her saintly presence and to reflect upon her beautiful life and godly example.

Intensely interesting were the testimonies and messages read by the Chief of the Staff from officers now in Heaven, illustrating their confidence and triumph in life and death. Strong men wept; tears fell copiously all over the building—few could avoid them, nor, indeed, was there a desire to hide the uppermost feeling. The blessed assurance of each and every departed comrade as now expressed could not fail to touch the hardest heart. These were among the most impressive moments of a remarkably impressive service—perhaps the most impressive of the whole Congress series.

Many souls were quickly at the mercy-seat, and the congregation rejoiced with the angels and our promoted comrades in the results of this blessed memorial service.

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Friday, 7.30 p.m.

#### Social Scheme Night.

The General's great speech on the Social operations of the Army on Friday night brought to the International Hall, Strand, an audience sprinkled all over the vast area with a large number of friends whose sympathies are mainly determined by what it accomplishes for the wails of our cities and the submerged classes.

The platform was transformed. Instead of the foreign delegates, the space was occupied by leading officers and workers engaged in Social Work at home and abroad, while on the wing reserved for the men were several typical characters who had either benefited or had been converted through some agency of the Social Scheme.

Several gave testimonies, notably Adjutant Macgregor, a converted tramp, and now a Social worker of distinction.

Commissioner McKie spoke principally of the friendly and practical co-operation of the

Colonial governments with the Army's Social Work.

Commander Booth-Tucker drew a vivid outline of the enormous strides the Social Work, especially the Colonization section of it, was making in America.

Commissioner Sturges gave some striking illustrations of the reforming power of both the men and women's work among the prisoners and the unfortunate classes who come under the influence of the City Colony, the Land and Industrial Colony, and the Women's Work.

The General's review, which was a masterly exposition of the need and results of the scheme, was delivered in his happiest vein.

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#### Sunday Campaign.

Afternoon.

Crowds had gathered at every door of the International Congress Hall, and half an hour afterwards the building was filled.

It was no ordinary crowd that had gathered to hear the General. The body of the hall had fewer Salvationists, while their places were taken by dwellers "without the gate," who have few opportunities to attend Salvation Army gatherings.

Strangers to the city—the "Cecil" and the "Savoy"—were there in abundance. Continentals and Americans were plentiful, the picture hat took the place of the picturesque bonnet, and there were more "toppers" than you could shake a stick at.

The East and the West had gathered together, the Borough coster and the City magnate sat side by side, and altogether the audience was as intelligent as has ever faced the General in the great metropolis.

In spite of the fact that every available suburban theatre and public hall was in full blast, the platform was cosmopolitan in its composition. Swedes, Hollanders, Indians, Australians, Canadians, Americans, Italians, and representatives of the International Headquarters.

The General's voice was surprisingly clear and strong, and though in his opening remarks he suggested that time would only permit him to rush at his theme, his audience listened as 'twere the last time they should hear him speak, while his address was masterly, powerful, convincing.

Hardly had the last words left his lips when a man pushed out from the crowd, the second placed his tall hat and umbrella carefully on the seat and knelt, the third and fourth were men, the fifth a fashionably-dressed lady, and the sixth a volunteer. A Continental Salvationist, with a slash of big yellow cord across her shoulders, brought out and knelt by the side of a gay Continental.

Colonel Lawley and Commissioner McKie alternately directed the prayer meeting, during one interval of which we had a study of hands. The audience lifted toward Heaven smooth hands, wrinkled hands, white hands, brown hands, pure clean hands, stained sinful hands, toil-worn hands, money-making hands, hands of fathers and mothers and children, many of the owners of which were afterwards found at the penitent-form.

There were twenty-one surrenders, among whom were a man from the Rocky Mountains, another from Germany, and a woman ex-candidate for officership from Holland.

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#### Sunday Evening.

The huge International Temple filled as with a flood! The crowds had been banking up all round the building practically from the afternoon, and the throwing open of the entrances was like the lifting of the sluices—the stream was irresistible and unparalleled.

Something like a thrill ran the grand distance from platform to reserved seat, and spanned the immense width from wall to wall, as, erect and vigorous, the noble, white-haired figure of our leader stood forward, panting for the battle.

It was ten minutes past eight when the General closed his impassioned appeal to those five thousand souls.

Colonel Lawley called for immediate de-

cisions, and ere the first chorus rang through the hall five had responded. They included a mother who brought her little lad.

Commissioner McKie took hold for a while, and the procession to the mercy-seat continued steadily.

Now it included a German and his wife, and another German. Now an old lady whose hair the years had whitened, and now two little lads. They were followed by an ex-officer; by an engineer who had been all round the world to find the Pearl of greatest price; by a newspaper reporter, and by a prodigal son—a subject of many prayers. And so the number mounted to 140, and the shouts of "Praise God I'm saved!" died away down the Strand.

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## The Exeter Hall Meetings.

Monday.

#### India and Japan.

To-night India and Japan were represented on Exeter Hall platform before an audience of 1,500. The Rink Band supplied the music. Commissioner Higgins presided. Mrs. Booth occupied a seat on the platform. A converted dancer in mysterious garb testified to the converting power of the Holy Spirit. The joys from one of the Industrial Schools sang, and one spoke of his rescue from famine, his conversion, and his pleasure at being in England. Japanese and Indians spoke of thrilling conversions, and the progress of the Army and its prospects.

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Wednesday.

#### Scandinavia and Switzerland.

The surging throng that stormed Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening was transported by means of sweet music and song and quaint talks, both short and pithy, to the mountains and valleys of Scandinavia and Switzerland. It was a long meeting, but all too short.

Colonel Ogrim introduced two Finnish officers. Capt. Lind testified in Finnish. The Finnish Songsters also sang of salvation to one of their heart-moving airs.

Commissioner Ridsdal called for a tune from the Norwegian Staff Band, under Major Ostby.

The Norwegian Men's Choir sang their way into the hearts of the crowd.

Colonel Richards was unable to be present. Brigadier Howard, therefore, took his place in introducing the Danes. Their string band, brightly attired in sailor costumes in red and white, their singing full of life and swing.

Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg was received with cheering loud and long. "We have in Switzerland," she said, "a glorious band of proper blood-and-fire soldiers."

Commissioner McAlonan introduced the Swedish String Band. They were followed by Staff-Capt. Dahlberg, who spoke slowly in very rugged English.

Brigadier Toft and four smart-looking Swedes then came forward. Toft began at once to play "Rock of Ages" on his muted cornet, while the men with their musical glasses introduced the sweetest accompaniment imaginable. We would fain have had more of it, but the Swedish Staff Band, under Major Olof Nilson, were on their feet. They played, in their own special manner, what is now well known in this country as the Swedish March, and the meeting was closed with so much done—not nearly all recorded here—and yet so much left undone.

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Thursday.

#### Women's Social Work.

While Army tunes thundered or whispered from the organ (under the skilful management of Capt. Soper), Exeter Hall was rapidly and completely filled. On the platform were grouped Women's Social Officers from abroad—Australasia, India, Canada, Africa, Sweden and Norway, Finland, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Italy—all had delegates. Music was provided by the Hoxton Brass Band.

The meeting was, in the highest and most lasting sense, a glorious success.



During Mrs. Booth's heart-moving reference to the agony of mind and heart caused by seeing needs and being unable to meet them for lack of funds, a lady quietly beckoned an officer and gave him \$250 to hand to this eloquent champion of our fallen sisters.

After a sweet solo from a Finnish lassie officer, Mrs. Colonel Higgins told of the rapidly progressing Rescue Work in the United States.

Mrs. Brigadier Fisher expressed her great joy—common to all the delegates from abroad—at realizing the long-felt desire to hear and see Mrs. Bramwell Booth. She, like the rest, had come to learn how better to do this blessed work. Mrs. Fisher told how the Australian governments transfer to the Army juvenile criminals and neglected children giving our officers a free hand in their management and training, while \$50,000 is received yearly in capitation fees and government grants towards the Social Work for men and women.

Brigadier Liljgren, the leader of Women's Social Work (including both Rescue and Slum) in Sweden, next told her story. She was translated by an English sister-comrade.

The Yankee Choir sang one of their crisp and characteristic part songs. Every word was clear, and their swaying harmonies will long linger pleasantly in our memories.

Mrs. Commissioner Oliphant, of Germany, rose at 9.35 (when most Exeter Hall meetings are finishing) and held the willing crowd for several minutes as she told of the Slum and Rescue Work in her adopted land.

Commissioner (and not Mrs.) Cosandey was called upon by Mrs. Booth, so that no one might think the women were having things all to themselves.

The great crowd reluctantly dispersed.

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Friday.

### The Germans.

It seemed appropriate that Exeter Hall should have been chosen for the great German demonstration, for Mrs. Commissioner Oliphant was, twenty-four years ago, converted there, and Lieut.-Colonel Rauch, from the West Indies, referred to the fact that eleven years ago he was sent from that very platform to Germany. The meeting was of a most enthusiastic nature. Commissioner Railton and Staff-Capt. Bessmeyer prayed.

Commissioner Oliphant's address was full of interest and information. Capt. Buhler, in a very picturesque costume, sang in her native tongue, and Adj. Dietrich gave a rousing testimony. The German singers gave several beautiful selections.

Mrs. Commissioner Oliphant's closing address reminded the audience of God's claims upon us, and the foolishness of wasting our lives on pleasure. When the invitation was given the first to volunteer was a young German, who was followed by four others.

### MEMORIAL SERVICE AT LISGAR ST.

Splendid memorial service for our late J.S. Treasurer, Mrs. Lillie, was conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin on Sunday night in the Lisgar Street barracks, which was packed.

The soldiers and bandmen marched slowly from the open-air stand to the barracks, causing the spectators to enquire the meaning of the slow marching, and bringing many to the hall.

The inside meeting was a glorious time, and although the heat was intense, few people left the hall until the close of the meeting.

Brother Lillie spoke of the life of his departed wife, and testified that her influence and example would help to make him a better soldier, and teach him many valuable lessons.

Before the Colonel spoke, five sisters (four of whom were pall-bearers) sang "Only Remembered." The words of the Colonel were inspired and backed home by the Holy Ghost. He spoke very feelingly of the life and death of our late comrade. Many were moved to tears, and when the invitation to the mercy-seat was given seven came out, among them being the daughter of our promoted comrade.

—Sims.



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### THE CONGRESS.

Each succeeding British mail has brought us detailed accounts of what, to all intents and purposes, has been the greatest epoch in the Army's career.

The Congress is now a matter of history, but it has demonstrated to the world that the Army is one of the most important factors in the regenerating and reclaiming of mankind.

The London Times describes the International Congress as "a remarkable gathering, the outward and visible sign of a movement which has not spent its force." This declaration, coming as it does from a journal of such recognized standard, should carry the utmost weight.

We thank God for all the achievements of the past, and doubt not that the future will, by His grace, hold in store for us even greater results than those which have hitherto attended our efforts.

### KING EDWARD'S GRACIOUS REPLY.

The Staff Council of the Salvation Army in London sent a message to King Edward VII., thanking His Majesty for his welcome to the International Congress, and expressing their gratitude to God for His Majesty's efforts in the cause of international peace. The King, through Lord Francis Knollys, his private secretary, sent his thanks, and with characteristic modesty, rejoices to think that his efforts

to promote international peace and good-will have not been entirely without effect.

Continuing his kindly message, His Majesty trusts that the good work the Salvation Army has already achieved by its faith and energy may be constantly increased.

His Majesty has of late shown exceeding kind interest in our work, and we are pleased indeed to know that we have the full approval of our sovereign of our work, and we heartily endorse the Staff Council's messages, and can assure the king that all our efforts and endeavors work jointly to that one end—the prevalence of international peace and good-will—and we can also with confidence proclaim, not only to His Majesty, but to all the world, that our faith and energy will not abate one jot, but will increase and multiply considerably.

### International Items.

From Clarens, Switzerland, on the 14th inst., comes news of the death, from pneumonia and supervening heart weakness, of Paul Kruger, former President of the Transvaal Republic.

A large fire broke out in the premises of the Motor-Car Construction Company at Aix-la-Chapelle, and almost completely destroyed the building.

The municipality of Troppau, in Austrian-Silesia, has followed the example of the Bohemian and Moravian capitals in making the trailing of ladies' dresses in the public parks punishable with a fine.

Under date of July 12 comes the news that the steamer Nemesis, with all hands on board, numbering thirty-one souls, has been lost in a gale on the coast of New South Wales. The chief officer and engineer were survivors of the steamer Elingamite, which was wrecked in November, 1902, while bound from Sydney for Auckland.

Max Solomon, a young English carpenter, got his hand crushed in a planing machine in Toronto on Wednesday, and on removal to St. Michael's hospital, Dr. McKeown amputated three fingers, his patient refusing chloroform, and watching the operation with interest.

## THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

and the

### Canadian Contingent at the Congress Hall.

The Field Commissioner, with the Canadian and Swiss Contingents, had a magnificent week-end at the Clapton Congress Hall.

The huge structure was packed on Saturday night and three times on Sunday.

The Field Commissioner was wonderfully helped and inspired.

Sunday morning the meeting was Spirit-sealed. Miss Booth's forceful, preachment pointed out clearly the way of deliverance, and thirty souls, without reserve, gave themselves to God and the war at the penitential form. A glorious march preceded the afternoon meeting. Numerous banners, four brass bands, and kaleidoscopic colors of the costumes of Canada and Switzerland made a dazzling display.

Inside, the meeting was an old-time free and easy, with variety of music, song and testimony, closing with a stirring appeal to sinners.

At night the hall was gorged. Shortly after six o'clock thousands were turned away. The Bermuda bandmen and some officers conducted an overflow meeting on Hackney Downs, where the L. C. C. had kindly given

us permission to use the bandstand for this purpose. Thousands listened attentively for over two hours.

At the Congress Hall, the Field Commissioner, with earnestness and eloquence, preached to the vast audience, which sat fascinated throughout.

Never has Miss Booth spoken with greater force and lucidity. Her God-given sentences riveted every heart and mind, pricked guilty consciences, and forced conviction into unprepared hearts. The thoughtless, worldly-minded saw the emptiness of their pleasures.

The prayer meeting was well fought and crowned with success; nearly one hundred souls was the day's harvest.

The meetings were exceptional in every sense, and the actual results beyond computation of time.

Heart-touching scenes were witnessed at the mercy-seat. Deep regret that a sprained foot prevented Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg from being present as announced. People gave generously to the collection. To God be all the glory.

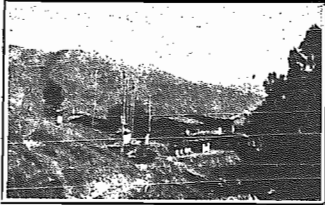
Bruno Friedrich, Lieut.-Colonel.

# THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

## "THE FORBIDDEN LAND."

(Concluded.)

The great lamasery, or monastery, of Kumbum, which is situated on the extreme North-Western China-Tibetan frontier, is famed among the devotees of Buddha as one of the holiest spots on Asiatic soil, second only to that of Lhasa. Around the "Golden Tile Temple" are small shrines, with a row of prayer-wheels, about three feet apart. They are small cylinders containing rolls of printed prayers. To turn these prayer-wheels is, according to the Buddhist idea, to accumulate merit, and they are scarcely ever still, for everyone in passing gives them a spin.



A Village on the Road to "The Forbidden City."

Only once a year, on the first day of the third moon, are women allowed to enter the temple. In the museum belonging to the temple is a carved image of Buddha carefully preserved in a glass case. It is said that hair began to grow on his ruddy head as soon as the image was completed.

It is perhaps at what are known as "nocturnal devotions" that the prayer-wheel is most in evidence. At night-fall the people are summoned to the housetops by loud blasts on a horn. The women and children from Lusar carry bundles of fragrant wood, which is burnt in a small fire-place on the roof made for the purpose. As the smoke of the scented wood goes up, so unintelligible words are chanted, while on the roof of each house someone does duty at the prayer-wheel, much as they might preside at a piano or organ. The man at the wheel sits cross-legged on the roof turning the wheel at its utmost speed, because the greater the speed the greater the merit.

Thousands of red paper lamps illumine the scene, and for long hours the night is made hideous by the beating of gongs and cymbals and the ringing of bells. Unlike the Chinese, the Tibetans participate in these devotions with great solemnity and fervor. With the veil removed from their eyes and the love of Christ in their hearts they would make good Salvationists, their devotion is so untiring.

The South Koko—or Tibetans—are said to be jovial and fond of music, though the only instruments they possess are the drum and cymbals. Theirs needs are few, and one or two garments apiece, a matchlock, sword, flint and steel, a wooden basin, knife and chopsticks, suffice to content them. Each family has a tent, some horses, cows, and sheep, many or few according to the number of robberies practised upon them by marauding tribes. Their tents are black, and everything about them is as dirty as dirt can make it.

Hospitality with them takes the form of some rugs near a furnace made of rude mud and stones, a handful of churma (dried curds of buttermilk) put into a bowl with some barley meal, tea being poured on the top and a piece of butter added.

While the men go to the hills, always well armed, to guard their flocks and herds, the women remain at home making butter and cheese and collecting argots (manure), which they dry for fuel. Without scruple, says Dr. Rijnhart, these women will pass from the manipulation of argots to the mixing of butter, the milking of cows, or the making of tea. The liberality of these people for religious purposes is proverbial, but they are niggardly in every other direction.

On the caravan roads the cold in winter is very severe, and the women and children suffer terribly. As yet they do not seem to have discovered how to convert to their own use any of the beautiful wool which they export in large quantities.

The severity of their winters is supposed to be in a large measure responsible for the smallness of their families. The Tibetan children are not able to withstand the severity of the weather.

The only city in the world which is absolutely closed to Westerners is Lhasa, the capital of Tibet. The ambition to set foot within its walls has given rise to one expedition after another during the last century, but always with the same result. They have been turned back from the forbidden city, or have turned back on account of the hardships to be endured whilst crossing the passes that lead through the natural barriers enclosing the country on the south-west.

Traveling in Tibet is rendered dangerous by the large amount of brigandage practised in certain districts, and the willingness with which these robbers put to death "foreign devils" whenever it is worth while to do so.

"To the present day," says Dr. Rijnhart, "from ten thousand tongues amid the flutter of prayer-flags and the clink of prayer-cylinders is heard the mystic invocation of Buddha, but there is no Christian altar. The devotees still flock to worship the sacred tree and the great Butter God, and amid all the host there is not one witness for Christ."

## PITHY PARs.

George Frederick Watts is the only English painter who can boast of having been an exhibitor at the Royal Academy for sixty-seven years. Two portraits which he sent there in 1837 were shown again in the gallery recently.

The Crown Princess of Denmark is the richest and tallest woman of her rank in Europe. She inherited nearly \$15,000,000 from her maternal grandmother, as well as the bulk of her father's fortune. She is six feet tall.

Don Carlos, who would like to see himself on the throne of Spain, has spent a fortune on curios. His most interesting collection comprises relics of the various battles with which he has been identified, including a unique set of pictures depicting the engagements in which he has fought.

Some navvies, when repairing the Granville Road, near Blackheath, Staffordshire, found, within eighteen inches of the surface of the road, a coal seam four or five inches in thickness.

A plaintiff in the City of London Court, who spoke with a strong German accent, explained that he was a Scotchman, and although he was born and educated in France he was still a British subject.

It is an attractive custom in China to invite a departing magistrate whose rule has been popular to leave a pair of old boots for suspension in a prominent place as a hint to his successor to follow in his footsteps.

## "SET THINE HOUSE IN ORDER."

In the second book of Kings, chapter twenty, start to read, There you'll learn of Hezekiah, who was very sick indeed, And how God sent good Isaiah with this message he should give: "Set thine house in order quickly, thou shalt die and cease to live."

When this message was delivered, Hezekiah wept and prayed, Asking God that He would spare him, and that death should be delayed. God did answer his petition, fifteen years allowed him more, And did heal him of his sickness, gave him vigor as before.

Now the lesson we would gather from this narrative to-day, Is that death is fast approaching, soon we all must pass away. God does send this solemn warning: "Set thine house in order now. Death is sure to overtake thee, and thou know'st not when nor how."

God is speaking to us daily, calling, warning everyone; Bidding us accept salvation through His well-beloved Son.

Are we ready now to meet Him? do we know that all is well?

Do we know our sins are pardoned, and His Spirit in us dwell?

Sinner, "Set thine house in order," it is God who speaks to you; He has purchased your salvation, but there's something you must do: You must leave the ways of evil, must repent of all your sin, Must believe what He has promised—pardon, peace and joy within.

Do not think because you're healthy, young, and full of life to-day, That you need not seek salvation, and at once commence to pray. Youth and health may be your portion, but the young do often die; Long before old age o'ertakes you, you may bid this earth good-bye.

Therefore, "Set thine house in order," make provision for your soul, That will live in bliss or anguish, while the endless ages roll.

Do not put the matter from you. God is calling you to-day; O, accept His free salvation, O, repent while yet you may.

Then when God has spoken pardon, and you know that all is well, Go and seek the lost around you, who are drifting down to hell. Tell them how you found the Saviour, what He truly did for you, And invite them in all meekness to accept the Saviour too.

Ask the Saviour now to help you, He will set your heart aright, And will give you strength to labor—in the cause of God to fight; Don't forget that those who labor shall receive a rich reward, And shall shine as stars forever in the kingdom of their Lord. —P. N. Esauful.



Canadian Party Crossing a Pretty Bridge at Hadleigh Farm Colony.

Canadians at Hadleigh, in Front of the Ruins of the Famous Castle.

## A Fourth of July Incident.

### THEY HAVE A MISSION IN LIFE.

It was on the evening of the 4th of July. At the corner of Main and Galena Streets a drum was beating loudly. A tambourine competed with the drum's dull booming.

A crowd gathered around the Salvation Army workers.

There were bare-headed women from the bad-lands, mendicants and wanderers, men drunk and men sober, people well-fed, others who looked hungry, indifferent to their surroundings, attracted by the motly uniformed group.

The crude music stopped, and a young girl yet in her teens stepped into the circle.

Seemingly she was frightened, for she appeared weak and embarrassed.

Gradually her pale face grew animated, and she recovered her faltering voice. She told her story something like this:

"I am trying to be good now, although I've been very bad. I asked God to save me. He did save me. He will save you, also, if you ask Him."

With all her deep, earnest soul, in broken English, she poured forth a prayer for the poor wretches around her. As she prayed she bent her head farther and farther back until her eyes were fixed on the azure of heaven. With perfect faith, she, the reclaimed one, saw the God whose work she was doing in the muddy streets and within the confines of Hell's half-acre.

She believed what she said. She would have said more, but tears ran over her heavenward-directed eyes, and she ceased speaking with the prayer: "May God do for you what He has done for me."

The question is often asked: "What good do the Salvationists do?"

During the time the young girl referred to was speaking, a man, who probably has seen three score years, interrupted her with ribald jest and obscenity, begotten through too close association with the flowing bowl. His interruptions were not heeded. Soon he ceased cursing and listened. In a short time he displayed evident uneasiness, then a slight moisture appeared in his eyes. Turning to his companion, after the reclaimed one had ceased praying, he said: "Guess I'll go home and see the old woman, Joe."

Yet there are people who say that the prayers of the Salvationists are unavailing.

That young girl's prayer carried gladness and sunshine to one home, at least, on the Fourth. Let us hope it will have a more permanent effect.

It is the thin, white-faced girl, the reclaimed one, who defies the world and its comments, who prays, sings, and preaches in the dirty streets, that strikes the key-note to the sympathies of the worst type of God's creatures.

The thin, white-faced lassie, God bless her, in her line of duty, touches the heart of a half-drunken man. Turning from the saloon door he goes to his home, and takes to his wife and children as much of his wages as is left. While repentant, he forms good resolutions. On bended knee the wife and babes pour forth a heartfelt prayer for the Salvation Army lassie.

Let not atheist or theological expert decry such prayers or tears, for God loves the lowly and meek of spirit.

The Talmages and men of superior minds, with their mighty intellects, give to mankind their interpretation of things divine, yet they, with all their cloquence cannot reach the mendicants, the Mary Magdalenes, like the poor girl with limited mental force who, in the darkness and wet, says to those whom she alone can reach: "God saved me; He will save you if you ask Him."—The Butte Tribune-Review.

A young man should make it a cardinal principle of his life to act and be what he is, and not pretend to be somebody else, whom he knows very well he is not.

## "In the Storyland."

For the third time in ten weeks the bandmen and soldiers of the Ligar St. corps have marched to the strains of solemn music and muffled drum to the Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

On Monday July 11th, the remains of Mrs. Lillie, the late J.S. Treasurer of the Ligar St. corps were laid to rest by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

Mrs. Lillie was converted to God over twenty-one years ago, and was a faithful soldier from that time until her promotion to heaven. Never very strong, yet full of zeal and ambition for God's Kingdom, she worked hard for the Salvation Army in the interest of sinners, and was regularly at her post in the local corps.

As Visiting Sergeant, for years she faithfully performed her duties, and many converts and soldiers were made glad and encouraged by her frequent visits. One day when Staff-Capt. Scarr was laid aside through sickness, our dear glorified comrade visited her, and before leaving prayed so earnestly that the Staff-Captain has never forgotten the effect.

Three years ago the writer appointed her to be the Treasurer for the J. S. corps at Ligar Street, which office she held until she breathed her last. Her work was always well done, and her labors on behalf of the children of the Sunday School were ceaseless.

During the Self-Denial Week a short time ago, our comrade, although not feeling very strong, traveled and canvassed many hours in order to raise the amount of money given her as a target, and rejoiced greatly when, after much toil was able to hand in a substantial increase on her target.

On Saturday, July 2nd, Mrs. Lillie took to her bed and a doctor was called in. On the following Tuesday a specialist visited her and pronounced her dangerously ill, and on the following Friday, at 1.30 p.m., her soul took its flight to the Gloryland.

Mrs. Lillie and friends did all that love and money could do to keep her on earth, but God wanted her, and now on the streets of gold she waves the victor's palm.

At 2 p.m., on Monday, the soldiers and friends met at the barracks, where Colonel Gaskin conducted the funeral service. The barracks was packed, many people having to stand all through the service. While the band played the procession entered the barracks—six girls in white, each carrying a spray of roses and carnations, advanced, followed by the casket, borne by six sisters wearing white sashes, and the chief mourners.



The Late Mrs. Lillie,  
J. S. Treasurer, Ligar Street Corps.

After the congregation had sung "My Jesus, I love Thee," and Mrs. Gaskin prayed, a few words were spoken by Staff-Capt. Scarr, Mrs. Adj. Burrows, Sergt.-Major Scott, and Adj. Sims. Each spoke of their personal knowledge of the Christian and devoted life of our glorified sister. The Colonel spoke words of comfort and consolation to the bereaved, and before starting for the cemetery prayed God's blessing upon all present.

About one hundred soldiers marched in the procession to the cemetery, the music from the band bringing hundreds of people to their doors, and doubtless caused conviction to rest on many hearts. Around the open grave the Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin spoke words of comfort and consolation to the bereaved, and before starting for the cemetery prayed God's blessing upon all present.

Below was ready and had gone to the mansions above.—Ernest Sims.

♦ ♦ ♦

Pileys Island.—Mrs. Melles, after a great deal of suffering, was taken from us on the 12th inst. As she lay dying she was able to look up and say she was going to her beautiful home. Although she was not a Salvation Army soldier, she was a soldier of Christ and would often testify in the meetings. We deeply sympathize with the bereaved ones.—Cand. B. Dean.

♦ ♦ ♦

Ingersoll.—On Friday last Sister Florence Edwards took ill, suddenly, and on Saturday to our sorrow, she was called to be with her Saviour.

To her comrades and friends her last words were that they should be true and meet her in heaven. At the funeral service Capt. Kerswell and Lieut. Burrows, from Woodstock, assisted, and on Sunday night we held a memorial service, the close of which was blessed by two souls for salvation.—Mrs. Capt. Sharpe.

In Memory of Stephen Badcock, of Bay Roberts.

Once more the cold, pale hand of death  
Has laid its victim low.

But it shall not victor-  
ious stand,  
Since Christ hath tri-  
umphed so,  
Our brother here did  
suffer long,  
Consumption raged  
But he's gone to join  
the heavenly throngs,  
Where there's no more  
grief or sin.

Our brother we shall see  
again,  
In spotless robe ar-  
rayed,  
Waving a palm of right-  
eousness.

That shall never, never fade  
With the thousands who have washed their robes  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb,  
We'll sing, "Dominion, praise, and power,  
Be to the great God."

Composed by William F. Barrett.

### LIPPINCOTT BAND VISITS YORKVILLE.

Yorkville.—On Monday night the Lippincott Band paid this corps a visit, and, under the leadership of Lippincott comrades, gave a musical festival, which was much enjoyed. The proceeds amounted to the magnificent sum of over \$20, notwithstanding it was a wet evening. The following was the program: Opening, S.B. 273, N.B. 265, Congregation and Band; prayer; solo, "There they are again," Happy Jack; selection, "Comrades, arouse to the call," B.J. 418, Band; song, "Carried away by the angels," Lippincott Band of Love Class; recitation, "Troubled," S.-M. J. S. Wicksey; duet, "In the secret of His presence," Corps-Cadet Wicksey and Freeman; selection, "Swedish march," Band; violin solo, recited, Capt. John Leggett; solo, "My Father, God, is at the helm," Deputy-Bandmaster Tattenden; reading, "Queen Esther's petition," Corps-Cadet Wicksey; Kalamazoo, "Yonder hymn march," B.J. 461, Band; recitation, "In the baggage coach ahead," Capt. J. Leggett; quartet, "Don't forget the old folks," Old Folks' Quartet; selection, "Horns and bells," B.J. 456, Band; recitation, "The Dutchman's wedding experience," Captain Leggett; solo, "We are the Army" (Hiawatha), Band-Sergt. Churchill; selection, "Abide with me," Band.

Adj. Sims acted as chairman in an efficient manner. Capt. Jones and Lieut. Porter say "Come again,"—Jay Aye Aitch.

### G. B. M. NOTES.

#### CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

After leaving Soo, Ont., I had traveled over a hundred miles, and arrived at Sudbury, where I had a glorious week-end. Here it was that a backslider returned to God. Capt. Oke and Lieut. Chislett are doing good work. They reached their S.-D. target and went over it, besides making a fine showing in the barracks. Lieut. Porter assisted us in the meetings. Our box-money was small this quarter, but we are looking to see it rise, under the able care of Agent Nellie Hargrave.

Sturgeon Falls was my next stop. I spent one night here, and we had a good time. Agent Mrs. Andrews is our worthy box-collector.

North Bay! the conductor calls out at six in the morning. I was just in time to see Major Burditt and his party going to England. Adj. Adams was quite surprised when he opened his eyes and saw me looking at him. He wondered how I got there. I informed him that I was the G.B.M. man for the S.O.P., and that I was stopping off at North Bay for a couple of days. We had two good meetings here. Ensign Downey and Sergt. Matheson helped us out with their guitars and solos. Sister Lougheed, our Agent, collected a nice sum of money for the Social Work.

Sundridge was my next appointment. I was met by Capt. Lamb, who informed me we would have a good time. A nice crowd turned out to our meeting. Bro. Fred Gray has done very well with his box-money this quarter.

Huntsville is the place between the hills, a very pretty place, indeed. The soldiers were going to camp, as this somewhat prevented us from having a big crowd. Lieut. Langer was holding the fort. Mrs. Forbes, our Agent, was pleased to hand me some money for the good work which is being done by the Army.

I must not forget my visit to Parry Sound. I spent a week-end here. The crowds and collections were up on this Sunday, and we had a fine time. Ensign Culbert and Lieut. Langdon are getting along well. I paid a new lot of Sergt. Woolridge, better known as ex-Capt. Woolridge.

I met Staff-Capt. McAmmond at Bracebridge, and he informed me that they were having a big time in town, and that the Highlanders' Band, from the same city, was coming. We had a very nice time at the barracks. Although the crowd was small we took up \$5 in the collection. Agent Mrs. Garbett collected the most money that has been collected in Bracebridge for the G.B.M. work for some time.

Gravenhurst is the place where all the tourists are. This is a very pretty place at this time of the year. We had a rousing open-air meeting and "Nine years on the battlefield," was enjoyed by all. Captain Hudson and Lieut. Pascoe are doing well at this corps.

I went on to Midland and spent a week-end here. Adj. Scott, although alone, is doing a great work. I met the newly marrieds, Ensign, Capt., and Mrs. Wadge (who were on furlough). They rendered good service both afternoon and night. The barracks was well filled at night, and we had the joy of seeing two souls coming to Christ. Praise the dear Lord.—Ensign Bloss.

## Central Ontario.

St. John.—St. John v. revlvd agaln. Great victory in the salvation of 38 precious souls, with Capt. White and Lieut. Hall on the main deck of the old ship, making every sail bend to the breeze, and the soldiers are delighted, having faith in their Captain and strong confidence in God will have greater victory in the future. Since last report we

himself in his captivity by making verses. This is certainly true; though we cannot answer for it that the pretty story is true, which says that Blondel sung at all the castle courts in Germany, till he heard his master's voice take up and reply to his song.

The Queens Eleanor and Berengaria ransomed John—that is, a sum of money to buy his freedom—though his brother John tried to prevent her, and the King of France did his best to hinder the emperor from sending his sister to the East. But the brave crusader should be the Pope. He insisted that Richard came home, after a year and a half of captivity. He freely forgave John for all the mischief he had done or tried to do, though he thought so ill of him as to say, "I wish I may forget John's name." Let me say to you as he will forget my pardon of him."

To Sergt.-Major McCartney is accorded the privilege of being the first soldier and local officer to reach home after the Congress (and to quote his own words, he comes "right side up with care").

The S.-M. did not journey to England as a delegate, going on private business, but nevertheless he was a Canadian representative, and did not forget to hold up the honor of Canada, and the Temple corps, at every opportunity.

He made one of the huge crowd that gathered to see the General receive the delegates at the Albert Hall, and the only way he could describe it was, "It was grand," and the emphasis on the "grand" told the story.

Our worth local officer told me how well the General looked and how ably he "took hold" of the people, and of the cheers and hallelujahs that greeted his every gesture as he welcomed the delegates..

As the Canadians were on the march to the Regent's Hall meeting crowds followed, and one could frequently hear, "Hello, Canadians!"

of the Commission's meeting at the Rink the Sergeant-Major could but tell me that all day long there had been a glorious time." The meetings went with a jolly swing, and everything that was said or done was remarkable for its earnestness. As Commissioner Nicol, of the I.H.Q., was speaking of our leader, she remarked, "Yes, I remember Commissioner Nicol. Many a time he has told me to do things that I didn't just like, but I had to obey like a good soldier."

And I thought, as the S.-M. told of the little instance, how true it is that a good soldier always makes a good leader.

As I remarked to the S.-M. I envied him all he saw, and the blessings he assured me he obtained, and I heartily echo his wish that we both may live to see another Congress. "And so say all of us."—War Correspondent, Temple corps.

Richard only lived two years after he came back. He was besieging a castle in Aquitaine, where there was some treasure that he thought was unlawfully kept from him, when he was struck in the shoulder by a bolt from a cross-bow, and the surgeons treated it so unskillfully that in a few days he died. The man who shot the bolt was made prisoner, but the Lion-Heart's last act was to consent that no harm should be done to him. The soldiers, however, in their grief and rage for the king, put him to death in a cruel manner.

Richard desired to be buried at the feet of his father, in Fontevrand Abbey, where he had once bewailed his unfruitful conduct, and now wished his body forever to lie in penitence. The figures, in stone, of the father, mother, and son, who quarreled so much in life, all lie on one monument now, and with them Richard's youngest sister, Joan, who died nearly at the same time as he died, partly of grief for him.

### Two More Soldiers.

Helena.—The S. A. war is still raging here in Helena. We are having good times and good crowds, regardless of the hot weather and numerous summer attractions. Last Sunday night we had the joy of seeing two more soldiers take their stand, making our number eight. The sign of the cross was made by officers (Capt. and Mrs. Johnstone) have been with us. Hallelujah! On the 4th July we had a senior picnic out at Broadwater, and a real good time, the spirit of brotherly love and good comradeship being everywhere. The sign of the cross was made by all around, and we feel that in the near future we shall have a great harvest of souls here. Finances first-class, Crys sold out every week, and the outlook for the Salvation Army in Helena is good. Praise to God from whom all blessings flow.—Mrs. W. J. Jones, L.S. 30M

### On the Up-Grade.

Butte.—Another glorious week-end has been spent in this corps, Adjt. Dowell having returned from the District, where he has been holding special meetings, accompanied by Capt. McDonald, Capt. Noble, and Lieut. Massey. Brother and Sister Pearce, and their two children, from the Little Sisters have sought admission, much to the joy of all. On their return to the home corps all were delighted to see them. Three souls sought salvation on Sunday night, while the Adjutant spoke, and Lieut. Shute, who was just and ready to administer the sacrament, was the happy minister. The Lord has been wonderfully successful. He has no novice in Salvation Army warfare, and will be a great help to the corps. We are on the up-grade.—Arthur Sheard, Ensign.

### War Cry Leads Seven to Christ.

Spokane.—Sunday morning at knee-drill a poor backslider repented and became reconciled to a forgiving Saviour. He had traveled fifteen miles to kneel at the Army penitent form and ask Jesus for forgiveness. He had been a backslider for years. In his backward said, "I could not go on any longer in rebelling against God." Hallelujah! Two dear brothers had the courage and manhood to come forward for the blessing of the Lord through the blessing of sanctification, and the other a backslider for forgiveness. Monday night a dear sister said she needed Christ to help her, and repenting of her sins she came forward for the blessing of the Lord. Two backsliders have returned during the past week. To God be the glory. Bro. Hope (65 years of age, and a soldier of eight months standing) said he was a backslider for many years, and he had been a backslider for many years, and the person who bought the paper from him said that through some article they read in the Cry the whole family (seven in number) have been converted. Christ has been glorified in the hearts of His Saviour. They had at one time known God as their benefactor, but had become cool in their love towards Him, and drifted away to the narrow way in the narrow way, is our earnest prayer.—Old Joe.

### Uncle Sam's Birthday.

Bellingham, Wash.—July 4th was the occasion of the birthday of Uncle Sam, and we kept it up in a proper style. While the people were shooting crackers, and running races, and some supping natively, the church was holding a prayer meeting. The services were largely attended. The people seemed to be anxious to hear of Christ, and we pray that the good seed sown will bear a hundred-fold. We wound up with a benediction, and the hymn "The Church's One Foundation" with one of her beautiful solos. Adj. Stephens read from God's Word and spoke very forebly. Conviction was stamped on the faces of many. We are rejoicing over two hundred and one new recruits enrolled since last report.—Dixie 1.

## Fighting the Fight of Faith.

Tillsonburg.—We are glad to report victory here. God is helping us to fight the good fight of faith. On July 1st we had our picnic, which was a great success. Swinging, racing, tug-of-war, and games of all kinds were indulged in, and we believe all present enjoyed themselves very much. We are going to fight on and help to win the world for Jesus.—Mrs. Kerby.

### Five Souls for God.

Wingham.—We are having very special times here at present after a little struggling, and greater times here are looked for in the near future. We had with us Sergt. Geo. Jeffrey, of Chesley, noted for his singing, which made the meetings of great inspiration on Saturday and all day Sunday. Five souls gave themselves to God and left the ranks of the world during last week. There were more than 100 meetings on with great success and blessing, and sinners are being converted at each meeting. We look for higher times to come.—Hunco.

Bandmaster Wm. Innes, Wifs, and Family, New  
Westminster, B.C.

## Our History Class.

### V.—THE ENGLISH.

Chapter XII.—(Continued.)

RICHARD I., LION-HEART.—A.D. 1189-1199.

So many men had gone home that Richard found his army was not strong enough to take Jerusalem. He was greatly grieved, for he knew it was his own fault for not having shown the lempor of a Crusader; and when he came to the top of a hill, he saw the city, but turned away, saying, "They who are not worth it to win it are not worthy to behold it." It was no use for him to stay with such few men; he had to go. He came first to a town called Philippi and his own brother John, were doing all the mischief they could. So he made a peace for three years between the Saracens and Christians, hoping to return to the Holy Land after that to reward them. But on his way back he was met by terrible storms; his ships were scattered, and his own ship was driven up into the Adriatic Sea, where he was robbed by pirates. There was no help for him to get home but through the lands of Leopold of Austria; so he pretended to be a merchant, and set out attended only by a few men. He lay in a little inn, and when he had bedded the boy in the night, he then with the king's glove in his belt. It was an embroidered glove, such as some great chanciers never used, and people asked questions. He guessed that the boy was a knight, and so he great man. He made him, and shut him up as a prisoner in one of his castles. Afterwards, the duke gave him money for a large sum of money, and he was sent to Germany. A man of great sorrow and fear, trying to find out what had become of him. It is said that he was found at last by his friends, and he was found. A minstrel sang of the things he had made verses and sung. Many of the nobles and knights in Queen Eleanor's Duchy of Aquitaine were minstrels—and Richard was very good one himself, and named

### Falling Sickness—Epilepsy.—(Continued.)

This state of rigidity lasts only from a few seconds to half a minute. It is followed by violent movements, which may involve the entire body, or may be limited to the extremities or to the head. The face is terribly distorted, the jaws open and close convulsively, deep, violent attempts at respiration are made, the patient's body is often thrown violently from side to side, sometimes sustaining severe bruises; sometimes, indeed, bones are dislocated, or even broken, from the violence of the movements.

These convulsive movements last not more than two to four minutes; their violence then decreases, the respiration becoming more natural; the face becomes less livid, and finally the patient draws a deep sigh, and resumes consciousness. He is then to be regained at once; the patient is not, however, aware of what has happened. He experiences an unusual sense of fatigue, and usually falls into a heavy sleep. He remains unconscious for some time after the convulsions have ceased; during this time his breathing is heavy and his pulse is greatly agitated, and he resumes his expiration. At times the patient is able to utter a few words, but he is in a state of delirium, talking incoherently, and even becoming maniacal. This, however, is but a passing delirium, and he resumes his consciousness completely. He appears confused and bewildered by his condition, and is at a loss to understand how it came to pass. After the patient has long been in this condition, he sometimes becomes accustomed to the situation and manifests no surprise.

In most cases but one fit occurs at a time, the patient recovering consciousness at once. In other cases a second attack occurs before the patient recovers from the first; in fact, several attacks may follow one another in quick succession.

These fits are sure to return after the patient has had one. The intervals between vary extremely. Sometimes months may elapse between the first and second; in these cases the fits occur more frequently as time passes. In some instances the fits come on at regular intervals.

The general course of the disease is that the fits recur at constantly decreasing intervals; in some cases the intervals become longer as time passes, so that the disease seems to be wearing itself out. Yet spontaneous recovery does not occur, since sooner or later the paroxysms recur, usually with the same frequency as before.

## HOW DOLLS ARE MADE

If in wax, porcelain, or composition, the way of making dolls is about the same. Machinery is little used in Europe, and the hot liquor is ladled into the plaster or lead moulds. In America the workman, seated at a table in the bustier, turns the faucet and allows the steaming wax or mixture to flow into the cavity. Quickly reversing the mould over an opening in the tank, he grasps and fills another and another, reversing each one to allow all the mixture to run out. Then he turns the mould over and empties the mould to run back into the tank. Another workman seizes the mould as soon as it is cool enough to handle, and with two movements of his hands separates the head and the body, and the doll is ready. It is not nearly so objectionable in the sugar, nor minutes later, even when the polisher has trimmed off the ragged seam and the dyer has dipped it in flesh-colored paint. If it is to be a wax doll, its color is given by the color of the moulded wax. This is because the wax itself is white.

Accretion of youth next paints the eyebrows lilacs, and cheeks, and a man puts in the eyes. This last is a simple operation, unless the eyes are to open and shut, when the balancing of the lead becomes a matter of some skill. Nothing now remains but to put on the beautiful flaxen wig, which is tastefully curled and arranged and the head is ready for the body. The bodies are stuffed with shavings of cork. Hair, excelsior, cotton, and sawdust are also used. The arms and legs are moulded exactly as the heads, and are sewed to their places by deft-fingered girls.







## To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriended, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Commissioner, Immigration Bureau, 26 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Emergency" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a photograph is desired to be taken with the person, the photo should be sent. In case of one dollar is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and others are requested to look regularly at this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

## (First Insertion.)

4629. PEPPER, WELLINGTON. Age 19 years, height 5 ft. 5 in., brown curly hair, blue eyes; occupation, plumber and painter. Left Saint Ste. Marie for Nelson or the Western Coast during the month of July, 1903. Mother anxious.

4630. GREENWOOD, HORATOO. Age 23 years, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark hair and complexion, hazel eyes; occupation, watchmaker. Is supposed to be in the Northwest or British Columbia. Friends anxious.

## (Second Insertion.)

4617. MORRIS, MATTHEW or TREMBLE. Age 44, height 5 ft. 4 in., dark brown hair turning grey, dark blue eyes. Left England for Fernie, B.C., in July, 1903. Any information will be gladly received.

4618. Information wanted of PETER CAMPBELL, who left Glasgow, Scotland, for Canada some five years ago but has not been heard of since. Mother heart-broken.

4619. BALLANTYNE, ARCHIBALD. Left Scotland for Canada forty years ago. Married; occupation, farmer; if living will be about 80 years of age.

4622. PARRY, EDWARD COLSTON. Age (if still living) about 61 years, height 5 ft. 6 or 7 in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, worked in the boot and shoe trade. Friends anxious.

4623. ACTON, RICHARD EDWARD. Age 30 years, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, squarely built and strong. Is supposed to be in Manitoba or British Columbia.

4624. WIGMORE, HENRY JAMES. Age about 62, height 5 ft. 4 in., light hair, brown eyes, medium complexion, occupation boot and shoe maker. Has been missing thirty years. Sister most anxious.

4626. LIES, SAMUEL MORLEY. Age 34, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair, grey eyes, medium complexion, English nationality. Is supposed to be in Manitoba.

4626. WOODBURN, ROBERT. Age 23 years, dark hair, eyes, and complexion; occupation, farm hand. Was last heard from in Plumas, Manitoba.

4627. SMITH, WALTER. Age about 68, height 5 ft. 8 or 9 in., scar on the bridge of nose; occupation, stone mason and bricklayer. Formerly lived in Ingersoll, Ont. May be in the Western States.

4612. McDONALD, ANGUS. Age 29 years, medium height, weight 175 lbs., brown hair, large blue eyes. Had a small piece taken off first finger. Formerly of Seaford, Ont. Last heard of at Elko, Mont., B.C. Friends very anxious. American Cry please copy.

4613. DOWNHAM, JOSEPH. Age 34 years. Last heard from in Roswell, New Mexico. May have moved to the Western States.

444. FLETCHER, FRANK. Age 53 years last March, rather stout, light brown hair. Last heard of fifteen years ago at Clarendon Centre, near Ottawa. Mother still living. Stepfather, Mr. Harrison, died in Ottawa.



Damp salt brightens the colors of a carpet wonderfully; if they are faded or soiled.

A strip of carpet glued to a piece of wood will remove mud from boots quickly and without the slightest injury to the leather, and is far better than the usual brush.

Never use soda for washing china that has any gliding on it, for the soda will in time surely remove it all. Instead of soda use a little soap; that has no bad effect.

When pouring hot fruit into a glass dish, place the latter on a wet cloth. This prevents any chance of the glass cracking, which would otherwise be very likely to happen.

Baggy knees of trousers can be remedied. Turn wrong side out, wring a cloth out of cold water, lay over the baggy part, and iron until the cloth is quite damp. Take away the top cloth, and iron again until thoroughly dry, and if carefully done the cloth will have shrunk to its right shape again. You can press out almost any amount of superfluous fulness by repeating the process one or twice. After the ironing, fold carefully and press under a heavy weight.

## TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

OFFICERS, soldiers, and others, who have occasion to travel by rail or water, before making arrangements for your trip, or purchasing your tickets, don't forget that we have facilities for handling all lines of transportation. We act as agents for Steamship Lines, etc. It will be to your advantage to write the Secretary, Transportation Department, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

## "Are You Ready?"

# SEE OUR OFFER FOR AUGUST.

THESE WORDS suggest to Salvationists an old-time chorus pertaining to a much more important question than temporal affairs. All the same, personal com-

fort has a good deal to do with our health and the success of our efforts. We may, then, be excused for applying the question as to whether our Officers and Soldiers are properly equipped for the Summer Campaign, in which standing in the open air necessarily plays an important part. As is well known, dark goods attract the heat of the sun, and though the material may be light in weight, it will always be much warmer than a light shade of material. The

## Fawn Dress Goods and Fawn Hat

make an ideal Summer Costume. It is very pleasing in appearance, cool-looking and cool-feeling, and is very reasonable in cost.

The out-door costume is made complete by one of our

## Regulation Detachable-Collar Waterproofs

in case of a shower. This is a beautiful silk garment with rubber lining. It is light and durable as well as being neat and good looking. The cost of the complete outfit is as follows:

One Summer Hat .....	\$1 75
Ten Yards Fawn Dress Goods .....	2 70
One Ladies' Silk Rubber-Lined Rain Coat .....	8 00

12 45

IF ORDERED DURING AUGUST ..... 11 25

The money saved will go a long way towards paying the cost of making the suit

We have a few of the

## Men's Waterproofs at \$6.00.

There is no question as to the quality of this garment at the price. Guaranteed as to proofing and dye, makes a nice-looking fall or spring coat, and will wear like iron.

Prices quoted on

**MEN'S SUMMER SUITS OR TUNICS**  
and Samples sent on request.

ADDRESS

**THE TRADE SECRETARY,**  
S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

# SONGS OF THE WEEK.

## HOLINESS.

Tunes.—Sad and Weary (N.B.B. 154); Jesus Saves Me (N.B.B. 143).

- 1 Sad and weary with my longing,  
Filled with shame because of sin,  
As I am, in conscious weakness,  
Here I must salvation win.

### Chorus.

All I have I leave for Jesus,  
I am counting it but dross;  
I am coming to the Master,  
I am clinging to the cross.

Oh, the joy of knowing Jesus!  
It is dawning on my soul;  
I am finding His salvation,  
And the power that makes me whole.

Tunes.—Forever with the Lord (N.B.B. 68); Reuben (N.B.E. 74).

- 2 When shall these conflicts cease,  
Tamed be this rebel will?  
When shall Thy promised perfect peace  
My troubled bosom fill?

See, tossed with doubt and fear,  
I o'er life's ocean roam!  
When wilt Thou, Lord, Thyself appear,  
And make my heart Thy home?

The price, dear Lord, I pay,  
Surrender Thee my all!  
I'll quickly go, or patient stay,  
Wherever Thou shalt call.

Thy will to do I'll run,  
Thy happy, loving slave!  
Now let Thy perfect work be done,  
Fit me the lost to save!

I plunge into the flood  
Again, and yet again!  
And washed in Thy all-cleansing blood,  
I'm free from every stain.

Tune.—Oh, the Lamb of God (N.B.B. 210).

- 3 Saviour, to Thee a full and glad  
surrender,  
Freely we make of talent, time, and  
store;  
Constrained by love, Thy love, so great  
and tender,  
We consecrate ourselves wholly  
Thine evermore.

### Chorus.

Jesus, Saviour-King, all to Thee we  
bring,  
Our talents, time, and store, wholly  
Thine evermore.

Baptize with power Thy weakest saint  
before Thee—  
Thy soldiers, too, Lord, fill with con-  
quering might;  
Oh, help us bring, to worship and to  
serve Thee,  
The lost, who from Thee stray out in  
sin's dreary night.

Truly we yearn to see Thy glorious  
Kingdom  
From pole to pole, and shore to shore,  
extend—  
Till every heart shall know Thy love's  
dominion,  
And highest praise from all unto  
Thee shall ascend.

Arthur Gibby.

## BRIGHT SIDE.

- 4 Tune.—Is My Name Written There?  
Though the darkness surround you,  
And the clouds hang around;  
Though the devil oppress you,  
And your friends are not found;  
Though blocked against your pathway,  
And nothing seems clear,  
It is best to look forward,  
There's a bright side somewhere.

### Chorus.

There's a bright side somewhere,  
There's a bright side somewhere,  
Don't rest till you find it,  
There's a bright side somewhere.

While fighting for Jesus,  
If the fighting seems tough,  
Though you fight single-handed,  
Jesus' strength is enough.  
He has promised you victory,  
And your pathway He'll clear,  
For the sun is still shining,  
There's a bright side somewhere.

If friends cause you trouble,  
And your progress would stay,  
Come out from among them,  
Let Christ lead the way.  
Your Friend is in heaven,  
In the mansions so fair;  
Look upward to Jesus,  
There's a bright side somewhere.

A. C. T.

## BUY A WAR CRY.

Tune.—Over Jordan.

- 5 Would you know salvation's plan?  
Would you do the good you can?  
Every woman, child, and man,  
Buy a War Cry.  
It will tell you very plain  
How you can the victory gain,  
And the mystery explain—  
Buy a War Cry.

### Chorus.

Buy a War Cry, buy a War Cry.  
Help us spread the Gospel plan,  
Blessed news to every man;  
Buy a War Cry, buy a War Cry,  
Buy it, read it all you can,  
Buy a War Cry.

When you've read it through and through,  
Give it to your neighbor, do;  
He would like to read it, too.  
Buy a War Cry.  
Help him on the narrow road,  
Help him bear his weary load,  
Teach him how to live for God,  
Buy a War Cry.

Sinner, why not come to-night?  
Jesus knows, He'll make you right;  
He will make your black heart white.  
Buy a War Cry.

## We'll Forward March.

Words by F. W. Fry.

German Air.

1. What sounds are those that reach the ear? They tell of Jesus' draw near. When  
all who in sin's bond are groan Their rest do - le - ve - re - shall own.

CHORUS.  
We'll forward march till all shall be From sin and Satan's power set free; For on our  
glo - rious war doth shine The seal of God;— the smile di - vine.

He who has helped us in the past,  
And borne us through each stormy blast,  
Will still conduct our Army on,  
Till all the world to Christ is won.

The hearts and lives by sin debased,  
And homes by drunkenness disgraced,  
A new and brighter day shall see,  
And find in Jesus liberty.

Then let us each more boldly fight,  
In leading sinners to the light,  
Till we receive the glad "Well done,"  
When every victory is won.

"Jesus shed His blood for me  
On the cross of Calvary."  
Then you'll sing when you are free,  
Buy a War Cry.

E. F., Spokane I.

## WAR AND TESTIMONY.

- Tune.—Never Run Away (N.B.B. 52).  
6 What multitudes now serve the Lamb,  
And fight beneath the Army flag!  
In every land to-day they stand,  
And fight beneath the Army flag.

### Chorus.

Beneath the Army flag,  
Yes, the dear old Army flag, (Repeat)  
They love to fight and do the fight  
Beneath the dear old Army flag.

How many who were sunk in sin  
Now march beneath the Army flag!  
They've wondrous peace and joy within,  
While marching 'neath the Army flag.

What blessings we enjoy to-day,  
In fighting 'neath the Army flag!  
We love to march, to sing and pray,  
And fight beneath the Army flag.

### Second Chorus.

We'll never leave the flag,  
No, never leave the flag, (Repeat)  
We'll go right through, to God be true,  
And never leave the dear old flag.

Tune.—Saints of God (N.B.B. 130).

- 7 I've found a great salvation,  
Glory to God!  
From my sin I've liberation,  
Glory to God!  
I was sunk in misery,  
Bound by Satan's cruel fetters,  
But the Saviour set me free,  
Glory to God!

Now my heart is full of singing,

Glory to God!  
I am kept each day from sinning,  
Glory to God!  
Oh, this joy I can't express,  
For it never knows an ending;  
I've a life of happiness!  
Glory to God!

Sinner, you can have this blessing,  
Glory to God!  
Come to Christ, your sins confessing,  
Glory to God!  
Then your life will happy be,  
And in heaven you'll get a mansion,  
There to live eternally,  
Glory to God!

## SALVATION.

Tune.—Death is Coming (N.B.B. 111).

- 8 Hark, the voice of mercy ringing—  
Jesus died, your pardon bringing,  
Seek salvation now.

### Chorus.

Time is flying, souls are dying,  
Seek salvation now!  
Christ-rejectors lost are crying,  
Seek salvation now!

Let this burning truth remind you—  
Sin will find you out;  
Trifle not, strong fetters bind you,  
Sin will find you out!

Sin will track you down and ruin,  
Everlasting, sure,  
Is the doom that Christians sinners  
Shall for sin endure.

What an awful retribution  
Shall be yours at last,  
Down to hell, no absolution,  
Boundless mercy past.

Envo. Trotter.

## COMING EVENTS.

### BERMUDA BAND TOUR.

North Sydney, Saturday and Sunday, July 30, 31; Sydney Mines, Monday, August 1; Sydney, Tues., Aug. 2; Dominion, Wed., Aug. 3; Louisville, Thurs., Aug. 4; New Aberdeen, Fri., Aug. 5; Glace Bay, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 6, 7; Reserve, Mon., Aug. 8; Whitney, Tues., Aug. 9; Truro, Wed., Aug. 10; Londonderry, Thurs., Aug. 11; Sackville, Fri., Aug. 12; Amherst, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 13, 14; Springfield, Mon., Aug. 15; Parraboro, Tues., Aug. 16; Canning, Wed., Aug. 17; Kentville, Thurs., Aug. 18; Windsor, Fri., Aug. 19.

### BERMUDA CHILDREN'S TOUR.

Carleton, Saturday, July 30; St. John I., Sunday, July 31; St. John III., Mon., Aug. 1; St. John V., Wed., Aug. 3; Bridgetown, Thurs., Aug. 4; Annapolis, Fri., Aug. 5; Yarmouth, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 6, 7; Clark's Harbor, Mon., Aug. 8; Yarmouth, Tues., Aug. 9; Digby, Wed., Aug. 10; Bear River, Thurs., Aug. 11; Canning, Fri., Aug. 12; Kentville, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 13, 14; Windsor, Mon., Aug. 15; Truro, Tues., Aug. 16; Londonderry, Wed., Aug. 17; Dartmouth, Thurs., Aug. 18; Halifax II., Fri., Aug. 19; Halifax I., Sun., Aug. 21.